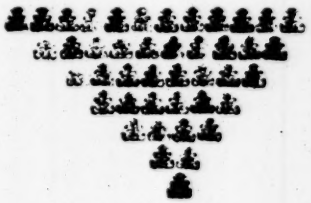
A
Pleaſant Comedie,
Called
VVILY BEGVILDE.

The chief Actors are theſe:

A { *Poor Scholler.*
Rich Fool,
and a
Knave at a ſhift.



LONDON,

Printed for *William Gilbertſon*, and are to be ſold at his Shop at the Sign of the Bible in *Gilt-ſpur-ſtreet* without *New-gate.*

Gripe, *an Uſurer.*
Ploddal, *a Farmer.*
Sophos, *a Scholler.*
Churms, *a Lawyer.*
Robin-good, fellow.
Fortunatus, Gripes Son.
Lelia, Gripes *Daughter.*
Nurſe.

Peter Ploddal, Ploddals *Son.*
Peg, Nurſes *Daughter.*
Will. Cricket.
Mother Midnight.
An old Man.
Silvanus.
Clark.

SPECTRUM.

The Prologue.

WHat ho, where are theſe paltry Players? ſtill pooring in their Papers, and never perfect? for ſhame come forth your Audience ſtay ſo long, their eyes wax dim with expectation.

Enter one of the Players.

How now my honeſt Rogue, what Play ſhall we have here to night?

Play. *Sir, you may look upon the Title.*

Pro. *What* Spectrum *once again? why noble* Cerberus, *nothing but Patch-pannel ſtuffe, old Gally mawfries and Cotten-kandle eloquence? Out you bawling Bandog foxfurd ſlave, you dryed Stockfiſh you, out of my ſight.* Exit the Player.

Well, 'tis no matter: Ile ſit me down and ſee it, and for fault o' a better, Ile ſupply the place of a ſcurvy Prologue.

Spectrum is a looking glaſſe indeed,
Wherein a man a Hiſtory may read
Of baſe conceits, and damned roguery:
The very ſink of hell-bred villany.

Enter a Jugler.

Jug. *Why how now my humerous* George? *what as melancholly as a Mantletree?*

Will you ſee any tricks of Legerdemain, ſlight of hand, cleanly conveyance, or Deceptio viſus? *what will you ſee Gentleman, to drive you out of theſe dumpes?*

Prol. *Out you Soust-Gurnet, you Wooll-fist, be gone I say, and bid the Players dispatch and come quickly: and tell their fiery Poet, that before I have done with him, Ile make him do pennance upon a stage in a Calfes skin.*

Jug. *O Lord, sir, yee are deceived in me, I am no tale carrier; I am a Jugler.*

I have the superficial skill of all the seven liberal Sciences at my fingers end.

Ile shew a trick of the twelves, and turn him over the thumbs with a trice.

Ile make him fly swi ter then meditation.

Ile shew you as many toyes, as their be minutes in a moneth. and as many tricks as their be motes in the sun.

Pro. *Prethee what tricks canst thou do?*

Jug. *Marry sir, I will shew you a trick of cleanly conveyance.*

Hey fortuna furim nunquam credo, *with a cast of clean conveyance: come aloft* Jack *for thy Masters advantage (hee's gone I warrant ye,* { Spectrum *is conveyed away, and* Wily-beguilde *stands in the place of it.*

Pro. *Mas and 'tis well done: now I see thou canst do something,*
Hold thee, their is twelve pence for thy labour:
Go to that Brain-froth Poet, and to him say,
He hath quite lost the Title of his Play,
His Calf-skin jests from hence are clean exil'd,
Thus once you see that Wily *is beguild.* Exit the Jugler.

Pro. *Now kind spectators I dare boldly say,*
You are all welcome to our Authors Play:
Be still a while, and ere we go,
Wee'l make your eyes with laughter flow.
Let Momus *mates judge how they list,*
We fear not what they babble,
Nor any paltry Poets Pen,
Amongst that raseal rabble,
But time forbids me further speech,
My tongue must stop her race:
My time is come, I must be dumbe,
And give the Actors place. Exit.

Wily

VVILY BEGVILDE.

Enter Gripe ſolus.

A Heavy purſe makes a light heart: Oh the conſideration of this Pouch, this Pouch!

Why, he that has money, has hearts eaſe, and the world in a ſtring.

O this rich chink, and ſilver Coyn, it is the conſolation of the world.

I can ſit at home quietly in my chamber, and ſend out my Angels by Sea and by Land, and bid fly villains, and fetch in ten in the hundred: I, and a better penny too. Let me ſee, I have but two Children in all the world to beſtow my goods upon, *Fortunatus* my ſon, and *Lelia* my daughter: For my ſon he follows the Wars, and that which he gets with ſwaggering, he ſpends in ſwaggering: But i'le curb him, his allowance whilſt I live, ſhall be ſmal, and ſo he ſhall be ſure not to ſpend much: and if I die, I will leave him a portion, that (if he be a good husband and follow his fathers ſteps) ſhall maintain him like a Gentleman: and if he will not, let him follow his own humour till he be weary of it, and ſo let him go. Now for my daughter ſhe is my onely joy, and the ſtaffe of my age, and I have beſtowed good bringing up of her (barlady:) why ſhe is one modeſty it ſelfe, it dos me good to look on her. Now if I can hearken out ſome wealthy marriage for her. I have my onely deſire.

Mas, and well remembred, here's my neighbour *Plodall* hard by, has but one only ſon and (let me ſee) I take it, his Land are beter than five thouſand pounds, now if I can make a match between his ſon and my daughter, and ſo join his land and money together, O twil be a bleſſed Union. Well, Ile in, and get a ſcrivener: Ile write to him about it preſently. But ſtay here comes Maſter *Churms* the Lawyer, Ile deſire him to do ſo much.

Enter Churms.

Churms. Good morrow M. *Gripe.*

Gripe. O good morrow M. *Churms.*

What say my two debtors, that I lent 120. pounds to? Will they not pay uſe, and charges of ſuit?

Churms. Faith ſir, I doubt they are bankrouts: I would you had your principal.

Gripe. Nay, Ile have all, or ile impriſon their bodies. But M. *Churms* there is a matter I would fain have you do but you muſt be very ſecret.

Churms. O ſir, fear not that, Ile warrant you.

Gripe. Why then this it is, My neighbour *Ploddall* hereby, you know is a man of very fair land, and he has but one ſon, upon whom he means to beſtow all he has: Now I would make a match between my daughter *Lelia* and him: what think you of it?

Churms Marry I think 'twould be a good match: but the young man has had very ſimple bringing up.

Gripe. Tuſh, what care I for that, ſo he have land and livings enough? my daughter has bringing up, will ſerve them both. Now I would have you to write me a Letter to Goodman *Ploddal* concerning this matter, and Ile pleaſe you for your pains.

Churms. Ile warrant you ſir, Ile do it artificially.

Gripe Do good *M. Churms*: but be very ſecret. I have ſome buſineſs this morning, and therefore Ile leave you a while: and if you will come to dinner to me anon, you ſhall be very heartily welcome. *Exit Gripe.*

Churms. Thankes good ſir, Ile trouble you. Now 'twere a good jeſt, if I could couzen the old Churle of his daughter and get the wench my ſelf.

Gentlemen I am as proper a man as *Peter Ploddall*: and though his father be as good a man as mine, yet far fetcht and dear bought is good for *Ladies*, and I am ſure I have been as far as *Cales*, to fetch that I have.

I have been at *Cambridge* a Scholler, at *Cales* a ſouldier; and now in the Country a Lawyer, and the next degree ſhal be a Conicatcher.

For Ile go near to couzen old father ſhare-penny of his daughter: ile caſt about ile warrant him;

Ile go dine with him; and write him this Letter:

And then Ile ſeek out my kind companion *Robin Good-fellow* and betwixt us weel make her yeild to any thing. Wee'l ha the common Law oth one hand, and the civil Law oth tother:

Wee'l toſſe *Lelia* like a Tennis Ball. *Exit.* *Enter*

Enter old Ploddall, and his ſon Peter, an old man Ploddals Tenant, and VVill Criket his ſon.

Ploddal. Ah Tenant, an ill husband (berlady:) thrice at thy houſe, and never at home?

You know my minde: will you give ten ſhillings more rent? I muſt diſcharge you elſe.

Oldman. Alas Landlord, will you undoe me? I ſit of a great rent already, and am very poor.

VVill. Cr. Very poor? y'are a very Aſs. Lord, how my ſtomach wambles at the ſame word, very poor!

Father, if you love your ſon *William*, never name that ſame word very poor:

For Ile ſtand to it, that t's pettilaſſeny to name very poor, to a man that's oth top of his marriage.

Oldman. Why ſon, art oth top of thy marriage? to whom I prethee?

Will. Marry to pretty *Pegge*, miſtreſs *Lelias* nurſes daughter.

O, tis the dapreſt Wench that ever danc'd after a Taber and Pipe:

For ſhe will ſo heel it, and toe it, and trip it;
O her buttocks will quake like a Cuſtard.

P. Ploddall. Why *William*, when were you there?

Will. O, *Peter*, does your mouth water at that?

Truly I was never with her, but I know I ſhall ſpeed,

For tother day ſhe lookt on me and laught, and that's a good ſign (ye know) and therefore old Silver-top, never talke of charging or diſcharging.

For I tell you I am my fathers heire and if you diſcharge me, Ile diſcharge my peſtilence at you. For to let my houſe before my leaſs be out, is cut-throatery: and to ſcrape for more rent, is pole-penury.

And ſo fare-you-well, good Granſire Uſury: come father lets be gone. *Exeunt Will. and his father.*

Ploddall. Well, Ile make the beggerly knaves to packe for this: Ile have it every croſs, income, and rent to. *Enter Chur. with a let.*
But ſtay, here comes one: O, 'tis M. *Churms*:
I hope he brings me ſome good news.

M. *Churms*, Y'are well met, I am e'en almoſt ſtarv'd for mony.

You

You must take some speedy course vvith my Tenants: they'l not pay.

Churms. Faith sir, they are grown to be captious knaves. But Ile move them with a *Habeas Corpus.*

Plod. Do good M. *Churms*, or use any oh er villanous course shall please you.

But what news abroad?

Churms. Faith little news: But here's a Letter which M. *Gripe* desired me to deliver you. And though it stands not with my reputation, to be a carrier of Letters, yet not knowing how much it might concern you, I thought it better something to abase my self, than you should be any ways hindered.

Ploddall. Thanks good sir, and Ile in and read it.

Exeunt Ploddall and his son. *Manet Churms.*

Churms. Thus men of reach must look to live,
I cry content, and murder where I kisse.
Gripe takes me for his faithful friend,
Impartes to me the secrets of his heart;
And *Ploddall* thinks I am as true a friend,
To every enterprise he takes in hand,
As ever breath'd under the cope of heaven:
But whip me if they find it so.
All this makes for my availe,
Ile ha the wench my self, or else my wits shall fail. *Exit.*

Enter Lelia and Nurse gathering of flowers.

Lelia. See how the earth (the fragrant Spring) is clad,
And mantled round in sweet Nymph *Floraes* robes,
Here growes th' alluring Rose,
Sweet Marigolds, and the lovely Hyacinth:
Come *Nurse* gather:
A crown of Roses shall adorn my head,
Ile prank my self with flowers of the Prime,
And thus Ile spend away my Primerose time.

Nurse. Rufty, tufty; are you so frolike?
O that you knew so much as I do, 'twould coole you!

Le. Why, what know'st thou *Nurse?* prethee tel me.

Nurse Heavy news ifaith *Mistress*,
You must be matched and married to a Husband: ha, ha, ha, ha, a Husband faith.

Lelia.

Lelia. a husband, *Nurſe*? why thats good newes, if he be a good one.

Nurſe. A good one quotha? ha, ha, ha ha; why woman, I heard your father ſay, that he would marry you to *Peter Ploddall* that Puck-fiſt, that ſnudge ſnout, that Cole-carrierly Clown. Lord 'twould be as good as meat and drink to me, to ſee how the fool would woo you.

Lelia. No, no my father did but jeſt: thinkeſt thou that I can ſtoop ſo low to take a Brown-bread-cruſt, and wed a Clown that's brought up at Cart?

Nurſe. Cart, quotha? I, heel cart you; for he cannot tell how to court you.

Lelia. Ah *Nurſe*, ſweet *Sophos* is the man,
Whoſe love is lockt in *Lelias* tender breſt;
This heart hath vow'd (if heavens do not denie,)
My love with his intomb'd in earth ſhall lie.

Nurſe. Peace miſtriſſe, ſtand aſide, here comes ſome body.

Enter Sophos.

Sophos. Optatis non eſt ſpes ulla potiri
Yet *Phœbus* ſend down thy tralucent beams,
Behold the earth that mourns in ſad attire,
The flowers at *Sophos* preſence gins to droop,
Whoſe trickling tears for *Lelias* loſſe,
Do turn the Plains into a ſtanding pool:
Sweet *Cinthia* ſmile, chear up thy drooping Flowers,
Let *Sophos* once more ſee a Sun-ſhine day.
O let the ſacred center of my heart,
I mean fair *Lelia* Natures faireſt work,
Be once again the obiect to mine eyes.
O but I wiſh in vain, whilſt her I wiſh to ſee,
Her Father he obſcures her from my ſight,
He pleades my want of wealth,
And ſayes, it is a bar in *Venus* Court.
How hath fond fortune by her fatall doom,
Predeſtin'd me to live in hapleſſe hopes,
Still turning falſe, her fickle wavering wheel;
And Loves fair goddeſſe, with her *Cyrcean* cup,
Inchanteth ſo fond *Cupids* poiſoned darts;

That love the only Loadſtar of my life,
Doth draw my thoughts into a labyrinth:
But ſtay,
What do I ſay ſee, what do mine eyes behold?
(O happy ſight) it is fair *Lelias* face.
Hail, heavens bright nymph, the period of my grief
Sole guidereſs of my thoughts, and author of my joy.
Lelia Sweet *Sophos*, welcome to *Lilia*,
Fair *Dido Carthaginians* beauticus Queen.
Not half ſo joyful was, when as the *Trojan* Prince
Eneas, landed on the ſandy ſhores
Of *Carthage* Confines, as thy *Lelia* is,
To ſee her *Sophos* here arriv'd by chance.
Sophos. And bleſt be chance that hath conducted me,
unto the place where I might ſee my dear,
As dear to me as is the deareſt life.
Nurſe. Sir, you may ſee that Fortune is your friend.
Sophos. Yes Fortune favours fooles.
Nurſe By that concluſion you ſhould not be wiſe.
Lelia. Foul fortune ſometime ſmiles on Vertue fair.
Sophos. Tis then to ſhew her mutabilitie:
But ſince amidſt ten thouſand frowning threats
Of fickle fortunes thrice unconſtant wheele,
She dains to ſhew one little pleaſing ſmile,
Let's do our beſt falſe fortune to beguile,
And take advantage of her ever-changing moods.
See, ſee, how *Tellus* ſpangled mantle ſmiles,
And Birds do chant their rurall ſugred notes,
As raviſht with our meetings ſweet delights.
Since then there ſits for love, both time and place,
Let love and liking, hand in hand imbrace.
Nurſe. Sir, the next way to win her, is to linger her leiſure.
I meaſure my miſtris by my lovely ſelf, make a promiſe to a man, and keep it: I have but one fault, I ne'r made promiſe in my life, but I ſtick to it tooth and nail: Ile pay it home i faith.
If I promiſe my love a kiſs, Ile give him two: marry at firſt I will make nice, and cry fie, fie; and that will make him come again and again Ile

Ile make him break his wind with come againes.

Sophos. But what saies *Lelia* to her *Sophos* love?

Lelia. Ah *Sophos*, that fond blind Boy,
That wrings these passions from my *Sophos* heart,
Hath likewise wounded *Lelia* with his dart,
And force perforce, I yeild the fortresse up:
Here *Sophos* take thy *Lelias* hand,
And with this hand a loyal heart.
High *Jove* that ruleth Heavens bright Canopy,
Grant to our love a wisht felicity.

Sophos. As joyes the weary Pilgrime by the way
When *Phebus* waves unto the Western deep,
To summon him to his desired rest:
Or as the poor distressed Mariner,
Long tost by shipwrack on the foaming waves,
At length beholds the long wisht Haven;
Although from far, his heart doth dance for joy.
So loves content at length my mind hath eas'd,
My troubled thoughts by sweet content are pleas'd.

Lelia. My father recks no Vertue,
But vowes to wed me to a man of wealth,
And swears his Gold shall counterpoyse his worth.
But *Lelia* scornes proud *Mammons* golden mines,
And better likes of learnings sacred lore,
Then of fond fortunes glistering mockeries:
But *Sophos*, try thy wits and use thy utmost skill,
To please my father, and compasse his good will.

So. To what fair *Lelias* will's doth *Sophos* yeild content.
Yet thats the troublous gulfe my silly ship must passe:
But were that venture harder to atchieve
Then that of *Jason* for the golden Fleece,
I would effect it for sweet *Lelias* sake,
Or leave my self as witnesse of my thoughts.

Nurse. How say you by that, Mistresse? heel do any thing for your sake.

Lelia Thanks gentle Love,
But lest my father should suspect,
Whose jealous head with more then *Argus* eyes,

Doth measure every gesture that *I* use:
Ile in and leave you alone,
Adieu, sweet friend, untill we meet again:
Come *Nurse* follow me. *Exeunt Nurse and Lelia.*

Sophos. Farewell, my Love, fair fortune be thy guid.
Now *Sophos*, now bethink thy self
How thou maist win her fathers will to knit this happy knot.
Alas, thy state is poor, thy friends are few,
And fear forbids to tell thy fates to friend;
Well, Ile trie my fortunes;
And find out some convenient time,
When as her fathers leisure best shall serve
To confer with him about fair *Lelias* love. *Exit. Sophos.*

Enter Gripe, old Ploddall, Churms and Will Cricket.

Gripe. Neighbour *Ploddall*, and Master *Churms*,
Y'are welcome to my house:
What news in the Country, Neighbour? you are a good Husband, you have done sowing Barley, I am sure.

Ploddal. Yes sir (and't please you) a fortnight since.

Gripe. M. *Churms*, what say my debtors? can you get any money of them yet?

Churms. Not yet sir, I doubt they are scarce able to pay: You must e'ne forbear them a while, they'l exclaim on you else.

Gripe. Let them exclaim and hang, and starve, and beg: let me ha my money.

Pleddall Here's this good-fellow too, Master *Churms*, I must e'en put him and his father over into your hands; they'l pay me no rent.

Will. Cric. This good fellow quotha? I scorn that base, broking, brabling, brawling, bastardly, bottlenos'd, beetlebrowd bean-bellied name.
What, *Robin good-fellow* is this same cogging, pettifoging crackropes, calves skins companion.
Put me and my father, over to him? old Silver-top, and you had not put me before my father, I would ha ——

Ploddall. What wouldest ha done?

Will. I would have had a snatcht at you, that I would,

Churms. What art a Dog?

Will.

Will. No, if I had been a Dog, I would ha ſnapt off your noſe ere this, and ſo have couzend the Devil of a marie-bone.

Gripe. Come, come, let me end this controverſie, Prethee go thy waies in, and bid the boy bring in a cup of Sack here for my friends.

Will. would you have a ſack ſir?

Gripe. Away fool, a cup of Sack to drink.

Will O, I had thought you would have had a ſack to have put this law cracking cogfoyſt in, in ſtead of a pair of ſtocks.

Gripe Away fool get thee in I ſay.

Will. Into the butrerie you mean?

Gripe. I prethee do.

Will. Ile make your hogſhead of ſack rue that word.

Exit Will Cricket.

Gripe Neighbour *Ploddall*, I ſent a letter to you by Maſter *Churms*, how like you of the motion?

Plod. Marry I like well of the motion: my ſon I tell you is ev'n all the ſtay I have: and all my care is to have him take one that hath ſomething, for as the world goes now if they have nothing, they may go beg.

But I doubt he's too ſimple for your Daughter: for I have brought him up hardlie, with brown bread, fat Bacon, puddings and Souce, and (barladie we think it good fare too.

Gripe. Tuſhman, I care not for that. you ha no more children youl make him your heir, and give him your lands, will you not?

Ploddall. Yes he is ev'n all I have, I have no body elſe to beſtow it upon.

Gripe. You ſay well.

Enter Will Cricket, and a Boy, with wine and a Napkin.

Will. Nay hear you, drink before you bargain.

Gri. Mas tis a good motion. { *He fills them wine, and gives them the Napkin.* } Boy, fill ſome wine.

Here neighbour, and M *Churms*, I drink to you.

Both. We thank you Sir.

Will. Lawyer wipe clean: do you remember?

Churms Remember, why?

Will. Since you know when?

Churms. Since when?

Will. Why, ſince you were bumbaſted, that your lubberly leggs would not carry your lobcock body:
When you have made an infuſion of your ſtinking excrements, in ſtalking implements:
O you were plaugy fraid, and fouly raid

Gripe. Prethee peace *Will.* Neighbour *Ploddall*: what ſay you to this match: ſhall it go forward?

Ploddall. Sir that muſt be as our children like,
For my ſon, I think I can rule him:
Marry, I doubt your daughter will hardly like of him, for God wot hee's very ſimple

Gripe. My daughter's mine to command, have I not brought her up to this?
She ſhall have him: Ile rule the roaſt for that,
Ile give her pounds and crowns, gold and ſilver:
Ile weigh her down in pure angel gold,
Say man is't a match?

Ploddall. Faith I agree,

Churms. But ſir, if you give your daughter ſo large a Dowrie, you'l have ſome part of his land conveyed to her by jointure.

Gripe. Yes marry, that I will:
And wee'l deſire your help for conveyance.

Ploddall. I good Maſter *Churms*, and you ſhall be very well contented for your pains.

Will. I marry thats it he lookt for all this while.

Churms. Sir, *I* will do the beſt I can.

Will. But Landlord, I can tell you news ifaith:
There is one *Sophos*, a brave gentleman, hee'l wipe your ſon *Peters* noſe of Miſtriſs *Lelia*: I can tell you he loves her well.

Gripe. Nay, I trow.

Will. Yes I know, for I am ſure I ſaw them cloſe together at Poop-nody, in her Cloſet.

Gripe. But I am ſure ſhe loves him not.

Will. Nay, I dare take it on my death ſhe loves him: For he's a Scholler: and ware Schollers, they have tricks for love ifaith; forwith a little Logick, and *Pterme colloquium*, they'l make a wench do any thing.
Land-lord pray ye be not angry with me for ſpeaking my conſcience.

In

In good faith your ſon *Peters* a very Clown to him: Why he's as fine a man as wench can ſee in a Summers day.

Gripe. Well that ſhall not ſerve his turn, Ile croſſe him I warrant ye.

I am glad I know it: I have ſuſpected it a great while.

Sophos? Why whats *Sophos*? a baſe fellow.

Indeed he has a good wit, and can ſpeak well,

He's a ſcholler forſooth: one that has more wit then money;

And I like not that: he may beg for all that.

Schollers? Why what are ſchollers without money?

Ploddall. Faith e'ne like Puddings without ſuet.

Gripe. Come Neighbour, ſend your ſon to my houſe,

For he ſhall be welcome to me:

And my daughter ſhall entertain him kindly.

What? I can, and will rule *Lelia*

Come, lets in, Ile diſcharge *Sophos* from my houſe preſently.

Exeunt Gripe, and Ploddall and Churms.

Will. A horn plague of this money,

For it cauſeth many Horns to bud:

And for money many men are horn'd

For when Maids are forc'd to love where they like not,

It makes them lye where they ſhould not.

Ile be hang'd if ere miſtris *Lelia* will ha *Peter Ploddall*,

I ſwear by this button-cap, (do you mark?)

And by the round, ſound, and profound contents (do you underſtand?

Of this coſtly Cod-peece, (being a good proper man as ye ſee) that I could get her as ſoon as be my ſelf.

And if I had not a moneths mind in another place,

I would have a fling at her thats flat:

But I muſt ſet a good Holiday face on't,

And go a wooing to pretty *Pegge*: well Ile to her ifaith,

While 'tis in my mind: But ſtay, Ile ſee how I can woe before I go: they ſay, uſe makes perfectneſs:

Look ye now, ſuppoſe this were *Pegge*,

Now I ſet my cap o'th toe ſide on this faſhion (do ye ſee?) then ſay I,

Sweet, hony, ſugger candy *Pegge*,

Whoſe face more fair then Brock my fathers Cow,
Whoſe eyes do ſhine like Bacon-rine,
Whoſe lips are blue of azure hue,
Whoſe crooket noſe, down to her chin doth bow.
For you know I muſt begin to commend her beauty.
And then I will tell her plainly, that I am in love with her over my high ſhoes and then I will tell her, that I do nothing of nights but ſleep and think on her, and ſpecially of mornings:
And that does make my ſtomach ſo riſe, that ile be ſworn I can turn me three or four bowls of porridge over in a morning afore breakfaſt.

Enter Robin-Good-fellow.

Robin good fellow. How now ſirrah, what make you here with all that timber in your neck?

Will. Timber? Sure, I think he be a witch,
How knew he this were timber?
Mas Ile ſpeak him fair, and get out on's company: for I am afraid on him.

Robin. Speak man, what art afraid? what makeſt here?

Will. A poor fellow ſir, I ha been drinking two or three pots of Ale at an Ale-houſe and ha loſt my way ſir.

Robin. O, nay, then *I* ſee thou art a good fellow,
Seeſt thou not Maſter *Churms* the Lawyer to day?

will. No ſir, would you ſpeak with him?

Robin. I marry would *I.*

Will. If I ſee him, Ile tell him you would ſpeak with him,

Robin. Nay, prethee ſtay who wilt thou tell him would ſpeak with him.

Will. Marry you ſir.

Robin. I who am I?

Will. Faith ſir, *I* know not

Robin. If thou ſeeſt him tell him *Robin-good fellow* would ſpeak with him.

Will. O, I will ſir. *Exit will. Cric.*

Robin. Mas the fellow was afraid:
I play the Bug bear whereſoe'r *I* come,
And make them all affraid:
But here comes Maſter *Churms*

Enter

Enter Charms.

Charms, Fellow *Robin*, God save you, I have been seeking for you in every Ale-house in the Town.

Robin. What, Master *Charms*? what's the best news abroad? 'tis long since I saw you.

Charms. Faith little news: but yet I am glad I have met with you. I have a matter to impart to you, wherein you may stand me in some stead, and make a good benefit to your self: if we can deal cunningly, 'twil be worth a double fee to you, (by the Lord.)

Robin. A double fee? speak man what is't?
If it be to betray mine own father, Ile doo't for half a fee:
And for cunning, let me alone.

Charms Why then this it is.
Here is Master *Gripe* hard by, a Client of mine, a man of mighty wealth, who has but one daughter; her Dowry is her weight in Gold.

Now sir, this old penny father, would marry her to one *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddalls* son and heir:
Whom though his father mean's to leave very rich,
Yet he's a very idiot, and brown-bread Clown:
And one, I know, the wench does deadly hate;
And though their friends have given their full consent,
And both agreed on this unequal match,
Yet I know, *Lelia* will never marry him:
But there's another rival in her love, one *Sophos*,
And he's a Scholler.
One whom I think fair *Lelia* dearly loves,
But her father hates him as he hates a Toad;
For he's in want, and *Gripe* gapes after Gold,
And still relies upon the old said law,
Si nihil attuleris, &c.

Robin. And wherein can I do you any good in this?

Charms. Marry, thus sir.
I am of late grown passing familiar with M. *Gripe*:
And for *Ploddall* he takes me for his second self:

Now sir, Ile fit my self to the old crummy Churles humours and make them believe Ile perswade *Lelia* to marry *Peter Ploddal*, and so get free access to the wench at my pleasure:

Now o'th other ſide, Ile fall in with the Scholler, and him Ile handle cunningly too;
Ile tell him that *Lelia* has acquainted me with her love of him:
And for becauſe her father much ſuſpects the ſame,
He mewes her up as men do mew their Hawks,
And ſo reſtrains her from her *Sophos* ſight:
Ile ſay, becauſe ſhe doth repoſe more truſt
Of ſecrecy in me, than in another man,
In courteſie ſhe hath requeſted me,
To do her kindeſt greeting to her Love.

Robin. An excellent device, ifaith.

Churms. I ſir, and by this means, Ile make a very gull of my fine *Diogenes*.
I ſhall know his ſecrets even from the very bottome of his heart.
Nay more ſir, you ſhall ſee me deal ſo cunningly, that he ſhall make me an inſtrument to compaſſe his deſire;
When God knows I mean nothing leſſe.
Qui diſſimulare neſcit, neſcit vivere.

Robin. Why this will be ſport alone:
But what would you have me do in this action?

Churms. Marry as I play with toe hand, play you with tother.
Fall you aboard with *Peter Ploddall*,
Make him beleive you'l work miracles,
And that you have a powder will make *Lelia*: love him:
Nay what will he not beleive, and take all that comes? (you know my mind,)
And ſo wee'l make a gull of the one and a Gooſe of the other.
And if we can invent any deviſe, to bring the Scholler in diſgrace with her: I do not doubt, but with your help to creep between the bark and the tree, and get *Lelia* my ſelf.

Robin. Tuſh man, I have a device in my head already to do that;
But they ſay her brother *Fortunatus* loves him dearly.

Churms. Tut, he's out of the Country.
He follows the drum and the flag.
He may chance to be kild with a double Cannon before he comes home again.

But

But what's your device ?

Robin. Marry Ile do this ;

Ile frame an indictment againſt *Sophos*, in manner and form of a Rape, and the next Law day you ſhall prefer it ; that ſo *Lelia* may loath him,
Her father ſtill deadly hate him,
And the young Gallant her brother utterly forſake him.

Churms. But how ſhall we prove it ?

Robin. Wee'l hire ſome Strumpet or other to be ſworn againſt him.

Churms. Now (by the ſubſtance of my ſoul) tis an excellent deviſe.
Well, lets in, Ile firſt try my cunning, otherwiſe, and if all fail wee'l try this concluſion, *Exeunt*

Enter Mother-Midnight, Nurſe and Pegge,

Mother-Mid. Faith *Marget*, you muſt e'ne take your daughter *Peg* home again ;
For ſheel not be rul'd by me.

Nurſe. Why Mother ? What will ſhe not doe ?

Mother-Mid. Faith ſhe neither did, nor does, nor will do any thing.
Send her to th' Market with Eggs ; ſhee'l ſell them and ſpend the money :
Send her to make a Pudding, ſhee'l put in no ſuet :
Shee'l run out a nights a dancing, and come no more home till day peep:
Bid her come to bed ſhee'l come when ſhe liſt:
Ah 'tis a naſty ſhame to ſee her bringing up.

Nurſe Out you Rogue, you arrant &c.
What know'ſt not thy Granam ?

Pegge. I know her to be a teſty old fool,
She's never well but grunting in a corner.

Mother-Mid. Nay ſhee'l campe (I warrant ye.)
O ſhe ha's a tongue.
But *Marget* ev'n take her home to your Miſtreſſe, and there keep her : for Ile keep her no longer.

Nurſe. Mother, pray ye take ſome pains with her, and keep her a while longer and if ſhe do not mend, Ile beat

her black and blue: ifaith *Ile* not fail you Minion.

Mother-Mid. Faith at thy requeſt Ile take her home and try her a week longer.

Nurſe. Come on Huſwife, pleaſe your Granam, and be a good wench, and you ſhall ha my bleſſing.

Mother-Mid. Come follow us good wench.

Exeunt Mother-Mid and Nurſe, manet Peg.

Peg. I farewell fair weather after you.

Your bleſſing quotha? Ile not give a ſingle halfpenny for't: who would live under a mothers noſe, and a Granams tongue? A maid cannot love, or catch a lip clip, or a lap clap, but, her's ſuch tittle tattle, and do not ſo, and be not ſo light, and be not ſo fond, and do not kiſſe, and do not love, and *I* cannot tell what:

And I muſt love, and I hang for't *She ſings,*

A ſweet thing is Love,
That rules both heart and mind:
There is no comfort in the World,
To women that are kind

Well *Ile* not ſtay with her, ſtay quotha?

To be yauld and jauld at, and tumbled and thumbled, and toſt and turn'd as I am by an old Hagg,

I will not, no I will not i'faith.

Enter Will Cricket.

But ſtay, I muſt put on my ſmirking look, and ſmiling countenance:

For here comes one makes bomination ſuit to be my ſprus'd husband.

Will. Lord, that my heart would ſerve me to ſpeak to her, now ſhe talkes of her prus'd husband.

Well, Ile ſet a good face on't,

Now Ile clap me as cloſe to her, as *Joans* buttocks of a cloſe ſtool, and come over her with my rowling, rattling, rumbling, eloquence.

Sweet *Pegge*, honny *Pegge*, fine, *Pegge*, dainty *Pegge*, brave *Pegge*, kind *Pegge*, comely *Pegge*, my nutting, my ſweeting, my Love, my Dove, my honny, my bunny, my Duck, my Dear, and my Darling.

Grace

Grace me with thy pleaſant eyes,
And love without delay:
And caſt not with thy crabbed lookes,
A proper man away.

Pegge. Why *William*, What's the matter?

Will. What's the matter, quotha?
Faith *I* ha been in a fair taking for you; a bots on you: For tother day, after I had ſeen you, preſently my belly began to rumble.
Whats the matter thought I?
With that I bethought my ſelf, and the ſweet comportenance of that ſame ſweet ronnd face of thine, came into my mind.
Out went I and Ile be ſworn I was ſo neer taken, that I was fain to cut all my points.
And doſt here *Pegge*?
If thou doſt not grant me thy good will in the way of marriage;
Firſt and formoſt, Ile run out of my clothes and then out of my wits for thee.

Pegge. Nay *William*, I would be loth you ſhould do ſo for me.

Will. Will you look merrily and love then?

Pegge. Faith I care not greatly if *I* do.

Will. Care not greatly if I do? What an anſwer's that? If thou wilt, ſay, I *Pegge* take thee *William*, to my ſpruce Husband.

Pegge. Why ſo I will; but we muſt have more company for witneſſes firſt.

Will. That needs not: here's good ſtore of young men and maides here.

Peg. Why then here's my hand.

Will. Faith that's honneſtly ſpoken: ſay after me:
I *Peg Pudding* promiſe thee *William Cricket*,
That Ile hold thee for mine owne ſweet Lilly,
While I have a head in mine eye, and a face on my noſe, a mouth in my tongue, and all that a woman ſhould have; from the crown of my foot to the ſoul of my head,
Ile claſp thee, and clip thee, coll thee and kiſſe thee,
Till I be better then naught, and worſe than nothing,

VVhen

When thou art ready to ſleep, Ile be ready to ſnort:
When thou art in health, Ile be in gladneſſe:
When thou art ſicke, Ile be ready to dye:
When thou art mad, Ile run out of my wits:
And thereupon *I* ſtrike thee good lucke:
Well ſaid ifaith:
O I could find in my hoſe to pocket thee in my heart;
Come my heart of gold, let's have a dance at the making up of this match:
Strike up *Tom Piper*. *They dance.*
Come *Pegge*, Ile take the pains to bring thee homeward,
And at twilight, look for me again.

Enter Robin Good-fellow, and Peter Plod all.

Robin. Come hither my honeſt friend: M. *Charms* told me you had a ſuite to me.
What's the matter?

Peter Pray ye ſir, is your name *Robin-Good-fellow*?

Robin. My name is *Robin Good-fellow*.

Peter. Marry ſir, *I* heare y'are a very cunning man ſir; And ſir reverence of your worſhip ſir, I am going a wooing to one Miſtreſſe *Lelia* a Gentlewoman here hard by: Pray ye ſir, tell me how I ſhould behave my ſelf, to get her to my Wife?
For ſir, there is a Scholler about her:
Now if you can tell me, how I ſhould wipe his noſe of her, I would beſtow a fee on you.

Robin. Let me ſee't, and thou ſhalt ſee what Ile ſay to thee. *He gives him money*
Well, follow my counſell, and *I*le warrant thee;
*I*le give thee a Love-powder for thy wench,
And a kind of *Nux vomica* in a potion, ſhall make her come off ifaith.

Peter. Shall *I* trouble you ſo far as to take ſome paines with me?
I am loth to have the dodge.

Robin. Tuſh, fear not the dodge:
Ile rather put on my flaſhing red Noſe, and my flaming Face, and come wrapt in a Calves skin, and cry bo, bo;
Ile fray the Scholler I warrant thee.

But

But firſt go to her, try what thou canſt do;
Perhaps ſheele love without any further adoe;
But thou muſt tell her, thou haſt a good ſtocke, ſome hundred or two a yeere, and that will ſet her hard I warrant thee.
For by th' Maſſe, I was once in good comfort to have couzend a wench:
And wots thou what I told her?
I told her, I had a hundred pound land a year in a place, where I have not the breadth of my little finger.
I promiſed her to infeoff her in forty pounds a year of it; and I think in my conſcience, if I had had but as good a face as thine,
I ſhould have made her have curſt the time that ever ſhe ſee it
And thus muſt thou do, cracke, and lye, and face.
And thou ſhalt triumph mightily.

Peter. I need not doe ſo: for I may ſay, and ſay true,
I have lands and living enough for a Country fellow,

Robin. Barlady ſo had not I, I was faine to over-reach, as many times I doe:
But now experience hath taught me ſo much craft, that I excell in cunning

Peter. Well ſir, then Ile be bold to truſt to your cunning, and ſo Ile bid you farwell, and goe forward:
Ile to her, that's flat.

Robin. Doe ſo: and let me here how you ſpeed.

Peter. That I will ſir. *Exit Peter.*

Robin. Well, a good beginning makes a good end, Here's ten groates for doing nothing:
I con Maſter *Churms* thankes for this,
For this was his device;
And therefore Ile goe ſeek him out, and give him a quart of wine,
And know of him how he deals with the Scholler. *Exit.*

Enter Churms and Sophos.

Churms. Why? look ye ſir, by the Lord I can but wonder at her Father.
He knowes you to be a Gentleman of good bringing up;

And

And though your wealth be not answerable to his,
Yet by heavens I thinke, you are worthy to doe farre better than *Lelia*, yet I know she loves you dearly.

Sophos. The great Tartarian Emperour *Tamar Cham*,
Joyde not so much in his imperiall Crown,
As *Sophos* joyes in *Lelias* hope'd for love;
Whose lookes would pierce an Adamantine heart,
And made the proud beholders stand at gaze,
To draw loves Picture from her glauncing eye.

Churms. And I will stretch my wits unto the highest strain,
To further *Sophos* in his wisht desire.

Sophos. Thankes gentle sir. *Enter Gripe.*
But truce a while, here comes her father,
I must speak a word or two with him. *speake to himself.*

Chrums. I, belle give you your answer (I warrant ye.)

Sophos. God save you sir,

Gripe. O Master *Sophos*, I longed to speake with you a great while,
I heare you seeke my daughter *Lelias* love,
I hope you will not seek to dishonest me, nor disgrace my Daughter.

Sophos. No sir a man may aske a yea,
A woman may say nay,
Yet I must confesse I love *Lelia*.

Gripe. Sir, I must be plain with you, I like not of your love: *Lelias*, mine, Ile choose for *Lelia*,
And therefore I would wish you not to frequent my house any more.
Its better for you to ply your Book, and seek for some preferment that way, than to seek for a Wife before you know how to maintain her.

Sophos. I am not rich, I am not very poor:
I neither want, nor ever shall exceed;
The mean is my content, Ile live twixt two extreames.

Gripe. Well, well I tell ye, I like not yee should come to my house, and presume so proudly to match your poor pedigree with my Daughter *Lelia*. and therefore I charge you

you get you off, off my ground, come no more at my Houſe:
I like not this learning without living, I.

Sophos. He needs muſt go, that the Devil drives:
Sic Vertus ſine cenſu langnet. *Exit Sophos.*

Cripe. O, Maſter *Churms*, cry you mercy ſir, I ſaw not you? I think I have ſent the Scholler away with a flea in his eare.
I trow hee'l come no more at my houſe.

Churms. No, for if he do, you may indite him for coming of your ground.

Gripe. Well, now Ile home, and keep in my daughter: ſhe ſhall neither go to him nor ſend to him:
Ile watch her (I warrant her)
Believe me M. *Churms*, it is the peeviſheſt girle that ever I knew in my life, ſhe will not be rul'd I doubt:
Pray yee ſir, do indeavour to perſwade her to take *Peter Ploddall.*

Churms. I warrant ye, Ile perſwade her fear not.
Exit.

Enter Lelia *and Nurſe.*

Lelia. What ſorrow ſeizeth on my heavy heart?
Conſuming care poſſeſſeth every part;
Heart-ſad *Erynnis* keep his manſion here,
Within the cloſure of my woful breſt;
And black Deſpair, with Iron Scepter ſtands,
And guids my thoughts, down to his hateſull Cell,
The wanton winds with whiſtling murmur bear
My piercing Plaints along the deſart plains:
And woods and groves do eccho forth my woes;
The Earth blow relents in Chryſtall teares,
When Heavens above, by ſome malignant courſe
Of fatall Starres, are authors of my grief.
Fond love go hide thy ſhafts in Follies den,
And let the world forget thy Childiſh force,
Or elſe fly, fly, pierce *Sophos* tender breſt,

That he may help to ſympathize theſe plaints,
that wring theſe tears from *Lelias* weeping eyes.

Nurſe. Why, how now Miſtreſs; What is it Love that makes you weep, and toſs, and turn ſo at nights when you are in bed?

Saint *Leonard* grant you fall not love-ſicke.

Lelia. I that's the point, that pierceth to the quicke,
Would *Atropos* would cut my vital threed,
And ſo make laviſh of my loathed life:
Or gentle heavens would ſmile with fair aſpect,
And ſo give better fortunes to my love.
Why is't not a plague to be priſoner to mine own father?

Nurſe. Yes, ant's a ſhame for him to uſe you ſo too.
But be of good cheer Miſtreſs, Ile go to *Sophos* every day, Ile bring you tydings, and tokens too from him, (Ile warrant ye,) and if he will ſend you a kiſs or two, Ile bring it; Let me alone, I am good at a dead lift:
Marry I cannot blame you for loving of *Sophos*,
Why he's a man as one ſhould picture him in wax.
But Miſtreſs, out upon't, wipe your eyes,
For here comes another wooer.

Enter Peter Ploddall.

Peter. Miſtreſs *Lelia*, God ſpeed you.

Lelia That's more then we need at this time, for we are doing nothing.

Peter. I were as good to ſay a good word as a bad.

Lelia. But 'tis more wiſdome to ſay nothing at all, then to ſpeak to no purpoſe.

Peter. My purpoſe is to wive you.

Lelia. And mine is never to wed you.

Peter. Belike you are in love with ſome body elſe.

Nurſe. No, but ſhe's luſtily promiſed,
Hear you; with long rifle by your ſide, do you lack a wife?

Peter. Call you this a rifle? its a good Back-ſword.

Nurſe. Why, then you with your Back-ſword, let's ſee your back.

Peter

Peter. Nay, I muſt ſpeak with Miſtreſſe *Lelia* before I go.

Lelia. What would you with me?

Peter. Marry, I have heard very well of you; and ſo has my father too,
And he has ſent me to you a wooing,
And if you have any mind of marriage,
I hope I ſhall maintain you as well as any Husband-mans wife in the Country.

Nurſe. Maintain her with what?

Peter. Marry, with my Land and Living, my father has promis'd me.

Lelia. I have heard much of your wealth, but I never knew your manners before now.

Peter. Faith, I have no Mannors, But a pretty Homeſtall, and we have great ſtore of Oxen, and Horſes, and Carts, Ploughs, and houſhold-ſtuffe bomination.
And great flocks of Sheep, and flocks of Geeſe, and Capons, and Hens, and Ducks: O, we have a fine yard of Pullen:
And thank God, here's a fine weather for my Fathers Lambs.

Lelia. I cannot live content, in diſcontent:
For as no muſick can delight the ears,
Where all the parts of diſcord are compoſed:
So Wedlock bands will ſtill conſiſt in jarres,
Where in condition ther's no ſympathie:
Then reſt your ſelf contented with this anſwer,
I cannot love.

Peter. Its no matter what you ſayt for my Father told me this much before I came, that you would be ſomething nice at firſt; but he bad me like you nere the worſe for that, for I were the liker to ſpeed.

Lelia. Then you were beſt leave off your ſuit, till ſome other time: and when my leaſure ſerves me to love you, Ile ſend for you.

Peter. Will you? well then Ile take my leave of you,

and if I may hear from you, Ile pay the Meſſenger well for his pains.
But ſtay: I proteſt, I had almoſt forgot my ſelf,
Pray'ee let me kiſſe your hand ere I go,
Nurſe. Faith Miſtriſſe, his mouth runs a water for a kiſſe
A little would ſerve his turn be like;
Let him kiſſe your hand.
Lelia. Ile not ſtick for that. *He kiſſes her hand.*
Peter Miſtreſs *Lelia* God be with you.
Lelia. Farewell *Peter.* *Exit Peter.*
Thus Lucre ſet in golden chair of ſtate,
When learning's bid, ſtand by and keep aloof:
This greedy humor fits my fathers vain,
Who gapes for nothing but for golden gain.

Enter Churms.

Nurſe Miſtreſſe take heed you ſpeak nothing that will bear action for here comes M. *Churms* the Pettifogger.
Churms. Miſtreſs *Lelia*, reſt you merry:
What's the reaſon, you and your Nurſe walk here alone?
Lelia. Becauſe, ſir, we deſire no other company but our own.
Churms. Would I were then your own,
That I might keep you company.
Nurſe. O ſir, you and he that is her own, are far aſunder.
Churms. But if ſhe pleaſe, we may be nearer.
Lelia. That cannot be: mine own is nearer than my ſelf.
And yet my ſelf, alas am not my own;
Thoughts, Fears, Deſpairs, ten thouſand Dreadfull Dreams.
Thoſe are mine own, and theſe to keep me company.
Churms. indeed, I muſt confeſſe, your father is too cruel.
To keep you thus ſequeſtred from the world,
To ſpend your prime of youth thus in obſcurity,

And

And ſeek to wed you to an idiot fool,
That knows not how to uſe himſelf:
Could but my deſerts, but anſwer my deſires,
I ſwear by *Sol* faire *Phœbus* ſilver eye,
My heart would wiſh no higher to aſpire,
Than to be grac'd with *Lelias* love.
Indeed I cannot play the diſſembler,
And woe my love with courting ambages,
Like one whoſe love hangs on his ſmooth tongues end,
But in a word, I tell the ſum of my deſires,
I love fair *Lelia*.
By her my paſſions daily are increas'd:
And I muſt dye, unleſs by *Lelias* love they be releas'd.

Lelia. Why Maſter *Churms*, I had thought you had been my fathers great Counſellor, in all theſe actions.

Churms. Nay truſt me not if I be:
By Heavens ſweet Nymph, I am not.

Nurſe Maſter *Churms*, you are one can do much with her father: and if you love her as you ſay, perſwade him to uſe her more kindly, and give her liberty to take her choice: for theſe made marriages prove not well.

Churms. I proteſt I will.

Lelia. So *Lelia* ſhall accept thee as her friend:
Mean time, *Nurſe*, let's in:
My long abſence I know will make my father muſe.

Exeunt Lelia and Nurſe.

Churms. So *Lelia* ſhall accept thee as her friend:
Who can but ruminate upon theſe words?
Would ſhe had ſaid her love:
But 'tis no matter firſt creep and then go;
Now her friend: the next degree *Lelias* love.
Well, Ile perſwade her father to let her have a little more liberty.
But ſoft Ile none of that neither,
So the Scholler may chance couzen me.
Perſwade him to keep her in ſtill:
And before ſhee'l have *Peter Ploddall*, ſhee'l have any body.

And ſo I ſhall be ſure that *Sophos* ſhall never come at her.
Why Ile warrant ye, ſhee'l be glad to run away with me at length.
Hang him that has no ſhifts.
I promiſ'd *Sophos* to further him in his ſuit:
But if I do Ile be peckt to death with Hens.
I ſwore to *Gripe*, I would perſwade *Lelia* to love *Peter Ploddall*.
But God forgive me, it was the furtheſt end of my thought.
Tut, what's an oath? every man for himſelf:
Ile ſhift for one, I warrant ye. *Exit.*

Enter Fortunatus ſolus.

Fortu. Thus have I paſt the beating billowes of the ſea,
By *Ithacks* rocks, and watry *Neptunes* bounds,
And wafted ſafe from *Mars* his bloody fields,
Where Trumpets ſound Tantarra to the fight,
And here arriv'd for to repoſe my ſelf,
Upon the borders of my native ſoil.
Now *Fortunatus*, bend thy happy courſe
Unto thy fathers houſe to greet thy deareſt friends:
And if that ſtill thy aged Sire ſurvive,
Thy preſence will revive his drooping ſpirits, (bloud
And cauſe his withered cheeks be ſprent with youthfull
Where death of late was portraid to the quick.
But ſoft who comes here? *ſtand aſide*

Enter Robin good-fellow.

Robin. I wonder I hear not of Maſter *Churms*.
I would fain know how he ſpeeds,
And what ſucceſs he has in *Lelias* love:
Well, if he crouzen the Scholler of her,
Twould make my worſhip laugh:
And if he have her, he may ſay, God a mercy *Robin good-fellow*.
Oh, ware a good head as long as you live.
Why, Maſter *Gripe*, he caſts beyond the Moon,

And

And *Churms* is the onely man he puts in truſt with his
daughter, and (Ile warrant) the old Churle would take it up-
on his ſalvation, that he will perſwade her to marry
Peter Ploddall: But Ile make a fool of *Peter Ploddall*,
Ile look him i' th' face and picke his purſe,
Whil'ſt *Churms* coozen him of his Wench,
And my old grandſiire Holdfaſt of his Daughter.
And if he can doe ſo,
Ile teach him a trick to coozen him of his gold too.
Now for *Sophos*, let him wear the Willow garland,
And play the melancholly malecontent,
And pluck his hat downe in his ſullen eyes,
And thinke on *Lelia* in theſe deſart Groves:
'Tis enough for him to have her in his thoughts,
Allthough he ne'r imbrace her in his armes.
But now, there is a fine device come into my head,
To ſcare the Schollar:
You ſhall ſee Ile make fine ſport with him.
They ſay that every day he keepes his walkes
Amongſt theſe Woods and melancholly ſhades
And on the Barke of every ſenceleſſe Tree.
Ingraves the Tenour of his hapleſſe hope.
Now when hee's at *Venus* Alter at his Oriſons,
Ile put me on my great carpation Noſe,
And wrap me in a rouſing Clave-skin ſuite,
And come like ſome Hob-goblin, or ſome Devill
Aſcended from the griſly pit of Hell,
And like a Scar-babe make him take his legges:
Ile play the Devill I warrant ye. *Exit Robin good-fellow.*

Fortunatus. And if you doe (by this hand) Ile play the Conjurer.
Bluſh, *Fortunatus*, at the baſe conceit
To ſtand aloof, like one that's in a trance,
And with thine eyes behold that miſcreant Impe,
Whoſe tongue more than the Serpent ſtings)
Before thy face thus taunt thy deareſt freind?
I, thine owne Father with reproachfull tearms,

Thy

Thy ſiſter *Lelia*, ſhe is bought and ſold,
And learned *Sophos*, thy thrice vowed friend,
Is made a ſtale by this baſe curſed crew,
And wickned den of vagrant runnagates:
But herein ſight of ſacred heavens, I ſweare
By all the ſorrowes of the *Stigian* ſoules,
By *Mars* his bloody blade, and fair *Bellona's* Bowers,
I vow, theſe eyes ſhall ne'r behold my fathers face,
Theſe feet ſhall never paſſe theſe deſart plaines:
But Pilgrime-like, Ile wander in theſe woods,
Until I finde out *Sophos* ſecret walkes,
And ſound the depth of all their plotted drifts:
Nor will I ceaſe untill theſe hands revenge
Th' injurious wrong that's offered to my friend,
Upon the workes of this ſtratagem. *Exit.*

Enter Pegge ſola.

Pegge. Yfaith, yfaith, I cannot tel what to doe,
I love, and I love, and I cannot tell who:
Out upon this love:
For wot you what? I have ſuitors come huddle, twoes upon twoes, and threes upon threes: and what think you troubles mee?
I muſt chat and kiſſe with all commers, or elſe no bargain,

Enter Will Cricket, and kiſſes her.

Will. A bargain yfaith: ha my ſweet hony-ſops, how doſt thou?

Peg. Well I thanke you *William*, now I ſee y'are a man of your word.

Will. A man of my wordquotha? why I ne'r broke promiſe in my life that I kept.

Pegge. No *William* I know you did not:
But I had thought you had forgotten me.

Will. Doeſt heare *Pegge?* if e'r I forget thee,
I pray God I may never remember thee.

Pegg. Peace here comes my Grannam *Midnight*.

Enter.

WILY BEGVILDE.

Enter Mother Midnight.

Mother Mid. What *Pegge*? what ho? what *Pegge*, I say?
What *Pegge* my wench?
What where art thou trow?

Pegge. Here Grannam at your elbow.

Mother Mid. What mak'st thou here this twatter light?
I think th'art in a dream,
I think the fool haunts thee.

Will. Sounds fool in your face: fool, O monstrous intitulation.
Fool? O disgrace to my person: sounds, fool not me, for I cannot brook such a cold rasher I can tell you: give me but such another word, and Ile be thy tooth-drawer, eene of thy butter-tooth, thou toothless Trot thou.

Mother M. Nay *William*, pray be not angry, you must bear with old folks.
They be old and teasty, hot and hasty: set not your wit against mine, *William*.
For I thought no harm by my troth.

Will. Well, your good words have something laid my choller.
But Grannam, shall I be so bold to come to your house now and then to keep *Pegge* company?

Mother Mid. I, and beshrow thy good heart and thou dost not:
Come, and wee'll have a piece of Barley Bag-pudding, or something.
And thou shalt be very heartily welcome, that thou shalt,
And *Pegge* shall bid thee welcome too: pray ye Maid, bid him welcome, and make much of him, for by my vay he's a good springold.

Pegge. Granam, if you did see him dance, 'twould do your heart good:
I [illegible] 'twould make any body love him, to see how finely [illegible] foot it.

[illegible] *M. William*, prethee goe home to my house with [illegible] aste a cup of our Beere, and learne to know the

way again another time.

Will. Come on Grandam, I'le man you home ifaith: come *Pegge.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Gripe, Old Ploddal, and his ſonne Peter, and Churms the Lawyer.

Ploddal. Come hither *Peter*, hold up your head: where's your cap and leg, ſir boy, ha?

Peter. By your leave Maſter *Gripe.*

Gripe. VVelcome *Peter*, give me thy hand, th'art welcome: Barlady, this is a good proper tall fellow, Neighbour, call you him a boy?

Ploddall. A good pretty ſquare Springold ſir.

Gripe. *Peter*, you have ſeen my daughter I am ſure: how do you like her?
VVhat ſays ſhe to you?

Peter. Faith *I* like her well, and *I* have broken my mind to her, and ſhe would ſay neither I nor no:
But, thank God ſir, we parted good friends,
For ſhe let me kiſſe her hand, and bid me, Farewel *Peter*,
And therefore I think I am like enough to ſpeed:
How think ye Maſter *Churms?*

Churms. Marry *I* think ſo to,
For ſhe did ſhew no token of any diſlike of your motion, did ſhe?

Peter. No, not a whit ſir.

Churms. VVhy then I warrant ye.
For we hold in our Law, that, *Idem eſt non apparare, et non eſſe.*

Gripe. Maſter *Churms*, I pray you doe ſo much as call my Daughter hither.
I will make her ſure here to *Peter Ploddal*, and I'le deſire you to be a witneſſe.

Churms. VVith all my heart. *Exit Churms.*

Gripe. Before God, Neighbour, this ſame M. *Churms* is a very good Lawyer: for i'le warrant, you cannot ſpeake any thing, but he has Law for it *ad unguem.*

Ploddall,

Ploddall. Marry een the more joy on him,
And hee's one that I am very much beholding to:
But here comes your Daughter.

Enter Churms, Lelia and Nurſe.

Lelia. Father, did you ſend for me?

Gripe. I wench, *I* did: come hither *Lelia*, give me thy hand.
Maſter *Churms*, *I* pray you bear witneſſe.
I here give *Lelia* to *Peter Ploddal* *She plucks her hand.*
How now?

Nurſe. She'le none, ſhe thanks you ſir.

Gripe. VVill ſhe none? why how now, I ſay?
VVhat? you pewling peeviſh thing, you untoward baggage,
VVill you not be rul'd by your Father?
Have I tane care to bring you up to this?
And will you do as you liſt?
Away, *I* ſay, hang, ſtarve, begge, be gone, pack I ſay:
Out of my ſight.
Thou ne'r get ſt penny-worth of my goods for this:
Think ont. I do not uſe to jeſt; } *Exeunt Lelia,*
Be gone I ſay, I will not hear thee ſpeak. } *and Nurſe.*

Churms. I pray you ſir patient your ſelf, ſhee's young.

Gripe. I hold my life this beggerly Schollar hankers about her ſtill, makes her ſo untoward:
But i'le home, i'le ſet her a harder taſk;
I'le keep her in, and look better to her then I ha done,
I'le make her have little mind of gadding, i'le warrant her.
Come Neighbour, ſend your Sonne to my houſe, for he's welcome thither, and ſhall be welcome; and ile make *Lelia* bid him welcome too, e'r I ha done with her.
Come *Peter* follow us. *Exeunt all but Churms.*

Churms. Why this is excellent, better and better ſtill.
This is beyond expectation;
Why, now this gear begins to work,
But beſhrew my heart, I was afraid that *Lelia* would have yielded, when *I* ſaw her father take her by the hand, and call

me for a wi neſſe, my heart began to quake.
But to ſay the truth, ſhe had little reaſon to take a Cullian
Jug-loaf, milk-ſop ſlave;
When ſhe may have a Lawyer, a Gentleman that ſtand's upon
his reputation in the Countrey:
One whoſe diminutive defect of Law, may compare with his
little learning:
Well, I ſee that *Churms* muſt be the man muſt carry *Lelia*
when all's done.

Enter Robin-good fellow.

Robin. How now Maſter *Churms*, what newes abroad?
Me thinke you looke very ſpruce: y'are very frolike now
a late.

Churms. What fellow *Robin*, how goes the ſquares with
you?
Y'a e waxen very proud a late, you will not know your old
frie ds.

Robin. Faith I eene came to ſeek you, to beſtow a quart of
wine o f you.

Churms. That's ſtrange: you were ne're wont to be ſo
liberal.

Robin. Tuſh man, one good turne aske another: cleare
gains man, clear gains:
Peter Ploddal ſhall pay for all: I have gull'd him once,
And Ile come over him ag in and ag ain, I warrant ye.

Churms. Faith *Lelia* has eene g v n him the doff off here,
and made her father almoſt ſtark mad.

Robin. O all the better, then I ſhall be ſure of more of his
cuſtome.
But what ſucceſs have you in your ſuite with her?

Churms. Faith hitherto goes well,
I h .ve made the motion to her,
But as yet we are grown to no concluſion:
But I am in very good hope.

Robin. But do you think you ſhall get her fathers good
will?

Churms. Tut, if I get the wench, I care not for that.

That

[illegible] will come afterwa d:
And Ile be ſure of ſomething in the mean ti me,
For *I* have outlaw'd a great number of his debtors,
And Ile gather up what money I can amongſt them,
And *Gripe* ſhall not know of it neither.

Robin. I, and of thoſe that are ſcarce able to pay,
Take the one half, and forgive them the reſt, rather than ſit cut at all.

Churms. Tuſh, let me alone for that:
But ſirra, I have brought the Scholar i nto a fools paradiſe:
Why, he has made me his ſpokeſman to Miſtris *Lelia*,
And Gods my Judge, *I* ne'r ſo much as name him to her.

Robin. O, byth' maſs well remembred,
Ile tell you what I mean to do,
Ile attire my ſelf fit for the ſame purpoſe,
Like ſome helliſh Hag or damn'd Fiend,
And meet with *Sophos*, wandring in the woods:
O *I* ſhall fray him terribly.

Churms. I would thou couldſt ſcare him out of his wits,
Then ſhould I ha the wench cock ſure;
I doubt no body but him.

Robin. Well, let's go drink together,
And then i'le go put on my diveliſh robes,
I mean my Chriſtmas Calves-skin ſuite,
And then walk to the woods:
O i'le terrifie him I warrant ye.

Enter Sophos ſolus.

Sophos. Will heavens ſtill ſmile at *Sophos* miſeries,
And give no end to my uneeſſant mones?
Theſe Cypreſſe ſhades are witneſs of my woes,
The ſenſleſſe trees do grieve at my laments
The leavy branches drop ſweet *Myrrhas* tears,
For love did ſcorn me in my mothers womb,
And ſullen *Saturne* pregnant at my birth,
With all the fatal ſtarrs conſpir'd in one,
To frame a hapleſſe conſtellation:

Pre-

Preſaging *Sophos* luckleſſ deſtiny.
Here, here doth *Sophos* turn *Ixions* reſtleſs wheele,
And here lyes wrapt in labyrinths of love,
Of his ſweet *Lelias* love, whoſe ſole *Idea* ſtill,
Prolongs the hapleſs date of *Sophos* hopeleſs life;
Ah, ſaid *I* life? a life far worſe then death:
Then death? I then ten thouſand deathe.
I daily die, in that *I* live loves thrall,
They die thrice happy, that once die for all.
Here will *I* ſtay my weary wandring ſteps,
And lay me down upon this ſolid earth, *He lies down.*
The mother of deſpair and baleful thoughts,
I, this befits my melancholy moodes:
Now, now methinks I hear the pretty Birds,
With warbling tunes record fair *Lelias* name,
Whoſe abſence makes warm blood drop from my heart,
And forceth watry tears from theſe my weeping eyes;
Methinks I hear the ſilver-ſounding ſtreams,
With gentle murmer ſummon me to ſleep,
Singing a melodious lullaby;
Here will *I* take a nap, and drown my hapleſſe hope,
In the Ocean ſeas of never like to ſpeed.
He falls in a ſlumber, and Muſick ſounds.

Enter Sylvanus.

Sylvanus. Thus hath *Sylvanus* left his leavy Bowers,
Drawn by the ſounds of Ecchoes ſad reporte,
That with ſhrill notes and high reſounding voyce,
Doth pierce the very caverns of the earth,
And rings through hills and dales the ſad laments,
Of vertues loſſe, and *Sophos* mournful plaints.
Now *Morpheus* rouze thee from thy ſable Den,
Charme all his ſenſes with a ſlumbering trance,
Whil'ſt old *Sylvanus* ſend a lovely trayne
Of Satyres, Driades and watry Nymphes,
Out of their Bowers to tune their ſilver-ſtrings,

And

And with ſweet ſounding Muſick ſing
Some pleaſing Madrigales and Roundelayes,
To comfort *Sophos* in his deep diſtreſs. *Exit Silvanus.*

Enter the Nymphs and Satyres Singing.

THE SONG.

1.

SAtyres ſing, let ſorrows keep her Cell,
Let warbling Ecchoes ring,
And ſounding Muſick yell,
Through hills, through dales, ſad grief and care to kill,
In him long ſince, alas, hath griev'd his fill.

2.

Sleep no more, but wake and live content,
Thy grief the Nymphs deplore:
The Sylvan Gods lament
To hear, to ſee thy moan, thy loſſe thy love:
Thy plaints to tears, the flinty Rocks do move.

3.

Grive not then, the Queen of love is mild,
She ſweetly ſmiles on men,
When Reaſon's muſt beguil'd;
Her looks, her ſmiles, are kind, are ſweet and fair,
Awake therefore, and ſleep no more in care.

4.

Love intends to free thee from annoy,
His Nymph Sylvanus ſends,
To bid thee live in joy,
In hope, in joy, ſweet love delights imbrace,
Fair love her ſelf, will yield thee ſo much grace.

Exeunt the Nymphs and Satyres.

Sophos

Sopho. What do *I* do hear? what harmony is this,
VVith silver-sound that glutted *Sophos* ears,
And drives sad passions from his heavy heart,
Presaging some good future hap shall fall,
After these blustering blasts of discontent?
Thanks gentle Nymphs, and Satyres too adieu,
That thus compassionate a Loyal Lovers woe,
VVhen heaven sits smiling at his dire mishaps

Enter Fortunatus.

Fortunatus. VVith weary steps *I* trace these desert groves,
And search to find out *Sophos* secret walks,
My trust vowed friend, and *Lelias* dearest Love.

Sop. VVhat voice is this sounds *Lelias* sacred name? *riseth.*
Is it some Satyre that hath viewed her late,
And's grown enamour'd of her gorgeous hiew?

Fortunatus. No Satyre, *Sophos*, but thy ancient friend:
VVhose dearest blood do rest at thy command.
Hath sorrow lately bleard thy watry eyes,
That thou forgettest the lasting league of Love.
Long time was vowed betwixt thy self and me?
Look on me man; *I* am thy friend.

Sophos. O, now I know thee, now thou nam'st my friend:
I have no friend to whom *I* dare
Unload the burthen of my grief,
But one *Fortunatus* he's my second self,
My *Fortunatus*, fortunate venter.

Fort. How fares my friend? methinks you look not well:
Your eyes are sunck, your cheeks look pale and wan,
VVhat means this alteration?

Sophos My mind, sweet friend, is like a restless ship,
That's hurl'd and tost upon the surging seas.
By *Boreas* bitter blasts and *Eols* whistling winds,
On rocks and sands farre from the wished port
VVhereon my silly ship desires to land,
Fair *Lelias* love, that is my wished haven.
VVherein my wandring thoughts would take repose,
For want of which, my restless thoughts are tost:

For

For want of which all *Sophos* joies are left.
Fortu. Doth *Sophos* love my ſiſter *Lelia?*
Sophos. She, ſhe it is, whoſe love *I* wiſh to gain:
Nor need I wiſh, nor do I love in vain,
My love ſhe doth repaie with equal meed:
'Tis ſtrange you ſay that *Sophos* ſhould not ſpeed.
Fortunatus. Your love repaid with equal meed:
And yet you languiſh ſtill in love? tis ſtrange:
From whence proceeds your grief? unfold unto your friend,
A friend may yield relief.
Sophos. My want of wealth is author of my griefe,
Your father ſaies my ſtate is too too low:
I am no Hobby-bred, I may not ſoare ſo high, as *Lelias* love,
The lofty Eagle will not catch at flies.
When *I* with *Icarus* would ſoare againſt the Sunne,
He is the only fiery *Phaeton* denies my courſe,
And ſeares my waxen wings, when as I ſoare aloft:
He mowes fair *Lelia* up from *Sophos* ſight,
That not ſo much as paper pleads remorſe:
Thrice three times *Sol* hath ſlept in *Thetis* lap,
Since theſe mine eies beheld ſweet *Lelias* face.
What greater grief? what other hell then this,
To be denied to come where my beloved is?
Fortu. Do you alone love *Lelia?*
Have you no rivals with you in your love?
Sophos. Yes onlie one, and him your father backs,
Tis *Peter Ploddal*, rich *Ploddals* ſonne and heir,
One whoſe baſe ruſtick rude deſert
Unworthy farre to win ſo fair a prize:
Yet means your father for to make a match
For Golden Lucre, with this *Coridon*,
And ſcornes at vertues lore: hence grows my grief.
Fortu. If it be true, I hear there is one *Churms* beſide,
Makes ſuite to win my ſiſter to his bride.
Sophos. That cannot be, *Churms* is my vowed friend,
Whoſe tongue relates the tenour of my love
To *Lelias* eare, I have no other meanes.

Fortu. Well, truſt him not; the Tyger hides his Clawes
When oft he doth pretend the greateſt guiles.
But ſtay, here comes *Lelias* Nurſe.

Enter Nurſe.

Sophos. *Nurſe*, what news?
How fares my Love?

Nurſe. How fares ſhe, quotha? Marry ſhe may fare how ſhe will for you, neither come to her, nor ſend to her of a whole fortnight?
Now I weare to you by my Maiden-head, if my Husband ſhould have ſerv'd me ſo, when he came a wooing to me, I would never have lookt on him with a good face, as long as I had lived.
But he was as kind a wretch as ever laid lips of a woman, he would a come thorow the windows, or doors, or walls, or any thing, but he would have come to me.
Marry after we had been married a while, his kindneſs began to ſlack, for i'le tell you what he did:
He made me believe he would go to Green-gooſe fair, and i'le be Sworne, he tooke his legge and ranne clean away:
And I am afraid you'le prove even ſuch another kind piece to my Miſtreſſe: for ſhee ſits at home in a corner weeping for you; and i'le be ſworn, ſhee's ready to dye upward for you.
And her father eth'other ſide, he yoles at her, and joles at her, and ſhe leads ſuch a life for you, it paſſes, and you'l neither come to her, nor ſend to her:
Why, ſhe thinks you have forgotten her.

Sophos. Nay, then let heavens in ſorrow end my dayes,
And fatal fortune never ceaſe to frown;
And heaven and earth, and all conſpire to pull me down,
In black oblivion ſeize upon my heart,
Once to eſtrange my thoughts from *Lelias* love.

Fortunatus. Why *Nurſe*, I am ſure that *Lelia* hears from *Sophos* once a day at leaſt, by *Churms* the Lawyer,
Who is his only friend.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. What, young Maſter? God bleſs mine eye-ſight,
Now by my Maiden-head y'are welcome home,
I am ſure my Miſtreſs will be glad to ſee you.
But what ſay you of Maſter *Churms?*

Fortu. Marry, *I* ſay he is a well-willer to my ſiſter *Lelia*,
And a ſecret friend to *Sophos*.

Nurſe. Marry the Devil he is: truſt him, and hang him: why, he cannot ſpeake a good word on him to my old Miſtreſs; and he does ſo riſle before my Miſtreſs with his Barbarian eloquence, and ſtrut before her in a pair of Polonian legges, as he were a Gentleman Uſher to the great Turk, or to the Devil of *Dongate*.
And if my Miſtreſs would be rul'd by him. *Sophos* might goe ſnick-up: but he has ſuch a butter-milk face, that ſhee'l never have him.

Sophos. Can falſhood lurk in thoſe inticing looks?
And deep diſſemblance lye, where truth appears?

Fortu. Injurious villany, to betray his friend!

Nurſe. Sir, do you know the gentleman?

Fortu Faith not well.

Nurſe. Why ſir, he looks like a Red Herring at a Noblemans table on Eaſter day, and he ſpeaks nothing but Almond butter, and Sugar candy.

Fortu. That's excellent.

Sophos. This world's the Chaos of confuſion:
No world at all but maſſe of open wrongs,
Wherein a man, as in a Map, may ſee,
The high road-way from woe to miſery.

Fortu Content your ſelf, and leave theſe paſſions,
Now do I ſound the depth of all their drifts,
The Devils device, and *Churms* his knavery,
On whom his heart vowed to be reveng'd,
I le ſcatter them: the plot's already in my head.
Nurſe, Hie thee home, and commend me to my ſiſter,
Bid her this night ſend for Maſter *Churms*,
To him ſhe muſt recount her many griefs,
Exclaime againſt her Fathers hard conſtraint,

And ſo cunninglie temporize with this cunning *Caſſo*,
That he may think ſhe love him as her life:
Bid her tell him, if that by any meins
He can convey her forth her fathers gate,
Vnto a ſecret friend of hers;
The way to whom lies by the forreſt ſide,
That none but he ſhall have her to his bride.
For her departure let her point the time,
To morrow night when *Veſper* gins to ſhine,
Here will I be, when *Lelia* comes this way,
Accompanied with her Gentleman-uſher,
Whoſe amorous thoughts do dream on nought but love,
And if this Baſtinado hold,
I'le make him leave his wench with *Sophos* for a pawn;
Let me alone to uſe him in his kind,
This is the trap which for him I have laid,
Thus craft by cunning once ſhall be betray'd;
And for the Devil, i'le conjure him:
Good *Nurſe* be gone, bid her not fail,
And for a token bear to her this Ring,
Which well ſhe knows, for when I ſaw her laſt,
It was her favour and ſhe gave it me.

Sophos. And bear her this from me,
And with this Ring, bid her receive my heart:
My heart? alas my heart I cannot give,
How ſhould *I* give her that which is her own?

Nurſe. And your heart be hers, her heart is yours,
And ſo change is not robberie.
Well i'le give her your tokens, and tell her what ye ſay.

Fortunatus. Doe good *Nurſe*: but in any caſe let not my Father know that *I* am here, until we have effected all our purpoſes.

Nurſe. I'le warrant you, I will not play with you,
As Maſter *Churms* do with *Sophos*:
I would ha my ears cut from my head firſt. *Exit Nurſe.*

Fortu. Come *Sophos* cheer up your ſelf, man,
Let hope expel theſe melancholie dumps.

Meane

Meane while, lets in,
Expectin, how the events of this device will fall.
Vnto to morrow at th' appointed time,
When weele expect the comming of your Love.
VVhat man, i'le work it through the fire,
But you shall have her.

Sophos. And I will studie to deserve this love. *Exeunt.*

Enter William Cricket solus.

Will. Look on me, and of Master *Churms* :
A good proper man :
Marry Master *Churms* has something a better pair of
Legges indeed :
But for a sweet Face, a fine Beard, comely corps,
And a carowsing Codpiece,
All *England* if it can
shew me such a man,
To win a wench by gis,
To clip, to coll, to kisse,
As *William Cricket* is,
Why look you now, if I had bin such a great long, large,
Lobcock, Loseld Lurden, as Master *Churms* is,
I'le warrant you, *I* should never have got *Pegge* as long as *I* had lived : for (doe you mark) a Wench will never love a man that has all his substance in his *Legges*.
But stay, here comes my Land-lord,
I must go and salute him.

Enter old Ploddall, and his sonne Peter.

Ploddall. Come hither *Peter*, when didst thou see *Robin-good-fellow* ? He's the man must do the fact,

Peter. Faith Father, I see him not this two daies ; but i'le seek him out ; for I know he'le doe the deed, and she were twenty *Lelias*.
For Father, he's a very cunning man : for, give him but ten groates, and he'le give me a powder, that will make *Lelia* come to bed to me.

And

And when I have her there, Ile uſe her well enough

Ploddall, will he ſo? Marry I will give him forty ſhillings if I can do it.

Peter. Nay, he'l doe more then that too,
For he'le make himſelfe like a Devel and fray the Scholler that hankers about her, out on's wits.

Ploddall. Marry, Jeſus bleſſe us: will he ſo:
Marry thou ſhalt have forty ſhillings to give him, and thy mother ſhall beſtow a hard cheeſe on him beſide.

Will. Land-lord a pox on you, this good morne.

Ploddall. How now foole, doſt curſe me:

Will. How now foole, how now Catterpiller?
It's a ſigne of death, when ſuch vermine creepe hedges ſo early in the morning.

Peter. Sirra, Foule manners, doe you know to whom you ſpeake.

Will. Indeed *Peter*, I muſt confeſſe I want ſome of your wooing manners, or elſe I might have turn'd my fair buſh tayle to you inſtead of your father: and have given you the ill ſalutation this morning.

Ploddall Let him alone *Peter*, Ile temper him well ynough.
Sarra. I heare ſay you muſt be marryed ſhortly,
Ile make you pay a ſweet fine for your houſe, for this.
Ha, ſirra, am not I your Land-lord;

Will. Yes for fault of a better, but you get neither ſweet fine nor ſower fine of me.

Ploddall. My Maſters, I pray you bare witneſſe:
I doe diſcharge him then,

Will. My Maſters, I pray you bare witneſſe:
My Land-lord has given me a generall diſcharge.
Ile be married preſently, my fine's payd: I have a diſcharge for it. *He offers to go away*

Ploddall. Nay prethee ſtay.

Will. No, Ile not ſtay, Ile goe call the Clark,
Ile be crye out upon ith' Church preſently,
what ho, What Clarke I ſay, where are you, *Enter Clarke.*

Clarke

Clarke. Who cals me, what would you have with me.

Will. Marry ſir, I would have you to make proclamation, that if any manner of man, 'oth' Town, or 'oth' Country, can lay any charge to *Pegge Pudding*, let him bring word to the cryer, or elſe *William Cricket* will wipe his noſe of her.

Clarke. You mean you would be ask i'th Church?

Will. I that's it: a bots on't, I cannot hit of theſe marrying terms yet.

And Ile deſire my Land-lord here and his ſonne, to be at the celebration of my marriage too:

Yfaith *Peter*, you ſhall cramme your guts full of Cheeſecakes and Cuſtards there.

And ſirra *Clarke*, if thou wilt ſay Amen ſtoutly:

Yfaith my powder Beef ſlave,

I'le have a rump of Beef for thee, ſhall make thy mouth ſtand oth tother ſide.

Clarke. When would you have it done?

Will. Marry e'ne as ſoon as it may be; let me ſee,

I will be aſkt i'th Church of Sunday at morning prayer and againe at evening prayer: and the next Holiday that comes I will be arkt i'th forenoone, and married i'th afternoone: For (doe you mark?) I am none of theſe ſneaking fellows that will ſtand thrumming of Caps, and ſtudying upon a matter as long as *Hunkes* with the great head has beene about to ſhew his little wit, in the ſecond part of his paultry poetrie: but if I begin with wooing, i'le end with Wedding.

And therefore good *Clark*, let me have it done with all ſpeed for I promiſe you, I am very ſharp ſet.

Clarke. Faith you may be aſkt i'th Church on Sunday at Morning prayer, but Sir *John* cannot tend to doe it at Evening prayer: for there comes a companie of Players to'th Town on Sundaie ith afeernoon: and Sir *John* is ſo good a fellow, that I know he'le ſcarce leave their companie to ſay Evening prayer

For (though I ſay it) he's a verie painful man, and takes ſo great delight in that facultie, that he'le take as great paine

about

about building of a Stage, or ſo, as the baſeſt fellow among them.

Will. Nay, if he have ſo lawful an excuſe, I am content to deferre it one day the longer:
And Land-lord, I hope you and your ſon *Peter* will make bold with us, and trouble us.

Ploddal. Nay *William*, we would be be loath to trouble you: but you ſhall have our company there.

Will. Faith you ſhall be heartily welcome, and we will have good merry Rogues there, that will make you laugh till you burſt.

Peter. VVhy, *William*, what company doe you meane to have?

Will. Marry, firſt and formoſt there will be an honeſt Dutch Cobler, that will ſing (*I will no meare to Bargin go*) the beſt that ever you did hear.

Ploddal. VVhat muſt a Coble be your chiefgueſt?
VVhy he's a baſe fellow.

Will. A baſe fellow? you may be aſhamed to ſay ſo;
For he's a honeſt fellow, and a good fellow.
And he begins to carry the very badge of all good fellowſhip upon his noſe; that I doe not doubt but in time, he will prove as good a cuppe-companion as *Robin-good-fellow* himſelf:
I, and he's a tall fellow, and a man of his hands too,
For Ile tell you what, tye him to th' Bul-ring, and for a Bag-pudding, a Cuſtard, a Cheeſe-cake, a Hogs Cheeke, or a Calves head, turn any man i'th town to him, and if he do not prove himſelf as tall a man as he, let blind *Hugh* bewitch him, and turn his body into a Barrel of ſtrong Ale, and let his Noſe be the Spiggat, his mouth the Foſſet, and his Tongue a Plugge for the bung-hole.
And then there will be *Robin-good-fellow*, as good a drunken Rogue as lives; and *Tom Shoomaker*, and I hope you will not deny that he's an honeſt man, for he was Conſtable o'th Town.
And a number of other honeſt Raſcals, which though they

are

are grown bankrouts, and live at the reverſion of other mens tables.
Yet (thanks be to God) they have a penny amongſt them at all times for their need.

Ploddal. Nay, if *Robin-good-fellow* be there you ſhal be ſure to have our company:
For he's one that we hear very well of,
And my ſonne here has ſome occaſion to uſe him:
And therefore if we may know when 'tis,
We'le make bold to trouble you.

Will. Yes, I'le ſend you word.

Ploddal. VVhy then farwel, til we hear from you.

Exeunt Ploddal and his ſonne.

Will. VVell *Clarke*, you'l ſee this matter bravely performed: let it be done as it ſhould be.

Clarke. I'le warrant ye, fear not.

Will. VVhy then go you to Sir *John*, and Ile to my wench, and bid her give her Maydenhead warning to prepare it ſelf: for the deſtruction of it is at hand. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lelia ſola.

Lelia. How Love and Fortune both, with eager mood,
Like greedy Hounds, do hunt my tyred heart,
Rowz'd forth the thickets of my wonted joyes:
And *Cupid* winds his ſhrill not Bugle horn,
For joy my ſilly heart ſo near is ſpent:
Deſire, that eager Curre purſues the chaſe,
And fortune rides amain unto the fall:
Now ſorrow ſings, and mourning bears a part,
I laying harſh deſcant on my yielding heart.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. VVhat news?

Nurſe. Faith, a whole Sack full of news:
You love *Sophos*, and *Sophos* loves you;
And *Peter Ploddal* loves you, and you love not him;
And you love not Maſter *Charms*, and he loves you,

So he's love and no love,
And I love, and I love not,
And I cannot tell what:
But of all, and of all, Maſter *Churms* muſt be the man you muſt love.

Lelia. Nay, firſt i'le mount me on the winged wind,
And flee for ſuccour to the fartheſt *Ind*.
Muſt I love Maſter *Churms*?

Nurſe. Faith you muſt, and you muſt not.

Lelia. As how, I pray thee?

Nurſe. Marry I have commendations to you.

Lelia From whom?

Nurſe. From your brother *Fortunatus*.

Lelia. My brother *Fortunatus*?

Nurſe. No, from *Sophos*.

Lelia. From my Love?

Nurſe. No, from neither.

Lelia. From neither?

Nurſe. Yes from both.

Lelia. Prethee leave thy foolery, and let me know thy news.

Nurſe. Your brother *Fortunatus*, and your Love, to morrow night will meet you by the Forreſt ſide,
There to conferre about I know not what:
But 'tis like that *Sophos* will make you of his privy counſel before you come again.

Lelia. Is *Fortunatus* then returned from the wars?

Nurſe. He is with *Sophos* every day,
But in any caſe you muſt not let your father know,
For he hath ſworn he will not be deſcry'd,
Vntil he hath affected your deſires,
For he ſwaggers, and ſwears out of all cry,
That he will venture all,
Both ſame and blood, and limme and life,
But *Lelia* ſhall be *Sophos* wedded wife.

Lelia. Alas, *Nurſe*, My fathers jealous brain,
Doth ſcarce allow me once a moneth to go,

Beyond

Beyond the compaſſe of his watchful eyes,
Nor once afford me any conference
With any man, except with Maſter *Churms*,
Whoſe crafty brain beguiles my father ſo,
That he repoſeth truth in none but him:
And though he ſeeks for favour at my hand,
He takes his mark amiſs and ſhoots awry:
For I had rather ſee the Devil himſelf,
Then *Churms* the Lawyer:
Therefore how I ſhould meet him by the Forreſt ſide,
I cannot poſſibly deviſe.

Nurſe. And Maſter *Churms* muſt be the man muſt work the means.
You muſt this night ſend for him:
Make him believe you love him mightily,
Tell him you have a ſecret friend dwells far away beyond the Forreſt:
To whom, if he can ſecretly convey you from your father,
Tell him you will love him better then ever God loved him:
And when you come to the place appointed,
Let them alone to diſcharge the knave of Clubs:
And that you muſt not fail,
Here receive this Ring which *Fortunatus* ſent you for a token:
This is the plot that you muſt proſecute,
And this from *Sophos* as his true loves pledge

Lelia. This Ring my brother ſent, *I* know right well,
But this, my true Loves pledge, I more eſteeme
Then all the Golden mines the ſoyled earth contains:
And ſee in happy time here comes Maſter *Churms*. *Enter Ch.*
Now Love and Fortune, both conſpire,
And ſort their drifts to compaſſe my deſires.
Maſter *Churms*, y'are well met; *I* am glad to ſee you.

Churms. And I as glad to ſee fair *Lelia*,
As ever *Paris* was to ſee his dear;
For whom ſo many Trojans blood was ſpilt;
Nor think, I would do leſſe then ſpend my deareſt blood,

To gain fair *Lelias* love, although by loſſe of life.

Nurſe. Faith Miſtreſſe, he ſpeaks like a Gentleman:
Let me perſwade you,
Be not hard-harted,
Sophos? Why, why what's he?
If he had lov'd you but halfe ſo well, he would ha come through 8 newalles but he would have come to you ere this.

Lelia. I muſt confeſs I once lov'd *Sophos* wel,
But now *I* cannot Love him, whom all the world knows to be a diſſembler..

Churms. Ere I would wrong my Love with one daies abſence,
I would paſſe the boyling *Helleſpont*,
As once *Leander* did for *Heroes* love:
Or undertake a greater task then that,
Ere *I* would be diſloyal to my Love;
And if that *Lelia* give her free conſent,
That both our loves may ſympathize in one,
My hand, my heart, my love, my life and all,
Shal ever tend on *Lelias* fair command.

Lelia. Maſter *Churms*, me thinks 'tis ſtrange, you ſhould make ſuch a motion:
Say I ſhould yield, and grant her love,
When moſt you ſhould expect a ſun-ſhine day,
My Fathers wil would marre your hop't for hay:
And when you thought to reap the fruits of love;
His hard conſtraint would blaſt it in the bloom;
For he ſo dotes on *Peter Ploddals* pelfe,
That none but he forſooth muſt be the man:
And I will rather match my ſelf
Unto a groom of *Plutoes* griſlie-denne,
Then unto ſuch a ſilly Golden Aſs.

Churms. Bravely reſolved yfaith.

Lelia But to be ſhort:
I have a ſecret friend that dwels from hence,
Some two daies journey, that's the moſt,

And

And if you can, (as well *I* know you may,) convey me thither ſecretly:
For company *I* deſire no other than your own;
Here take my hand;
That once perform'd my heart is next.

Churms. If on th' adventure all the danger lay,
That *Europe* or the weſterne world affords,
VVere it to combate *Cerberus* himſelf,
Or ſcale the brazen wall of *Plutoes* Court;
VVhen as there is ſo fair a Prize propos'd,
If I ſhrink back, or leave it unperform'd,
Let the world Cannonize me for a Coward:
Appoint the time, and leave the reſt to me.

Lelia. When nights black mantle over-ſpread the skie,
And dayes bright Lampe is drenched in the VVeſt,
To morrow night I think the fitteſt time,
That ſilent ſhade may give our ſafe convay,
Unto our wiſhed hopes, unſeen of living eye.

Churms. And at that time *I* will not fail,
In that, or ought that may availe.

Nurſe. But what if *Sophos* ſhould meet you in the Forreſt ſide,
And incounter you with his ſingle Rapier?

Churms. *Sophos*? a hop of my thumb, a wretch, a wretch:
Should *Sophos* meet us there accompanied with ſome Champion,
With whom 'twere any credit to encounter,
Were he as ſtout as *Hercules* himſelf,
Then would I buckle with him hand to hand,
And bandy blows as thick as haileſtones fall,
And carry *Lelia* away in ſpight of all their force.
What? Love will make Cowards fight:
Much more a man of my reſolution.

Lelia. And on your reſolution i'le depend, until to morrow at th' appointed, when i'le look for you;
Till when, I'le leave you and go make preparation for our journey. *Exeunt Lelia and Nurſe.*

Churms.

Churms. Farwel fair Love until we meet again.
Why ſo, did not *I* tell you ſhe would be glad to runne away with me at length?
Why this fals out, eene as a man would ſay, thus I would have it.
But now I muſt caſt about for money too:
Let me ſee; *I* have outlaw'd three or four of *Gripes* debters,
And I have the Bonds in mine own hands:
The ſumme that is due to him, is ſome two or three hundred pounds.
Well, I'le to them, if I can but get one half,
I'le deliver them their bonds, and leaf the other half to their own conſciences, and ſo I ſhall be ſure to get money to bear my charges:
When all failes, well fare a good wit.
But ſoft, no more of that:
Here comes Maſter *Gripe.*

Enter Gripe.

Gripe. What Maſter *Churms*? what all alone? how fares your body?

Churms. Faith ſir, reaſonable well: I am eene walking here to take the freſh ayre.

Gripe. 'Tis very holſome this fair weather:
But Maſter *Churms* how like you my daughter?
Can you do any good on her? will ſhe be rul'd yet?
How ſtands ſhe affected to *Peter Ploddal*?

Churms. O very well ſir: I have made her very conformable.
O let me alone to perſwade a woman:
I hope you ſhall ſee her married within this week at moſt,
I mean to my ſelf. *He ſpeaks to himſelf.*

Gripe. Maſter *Churms*, I am ſo exceedingly beholding to you,
I cannot tell how I ſhall requite your kindneſs,
But i'th mean time here's a brace of Angels for you to drink for your pains.

This

This news hath eene lightned my heart,
O sir, my neighbour *Ploddall* is very wealthy.
Come master *Churms*, you shall go home with me,
We'le have good cheer and be merry for this to night yfaith.
Churms. VVell let them laugh that winne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pegge and her Grannam.

Pegge. Grannam, give me but two Crowns of red Gold,
And I'le give you two pence of white silver,
If *Robin* the Devil be not a water-witch.
Mother Mid. Marry, Jesus bless us, why prethee?
Pegge. Marry, I'le tell you why:
Vpon the morrow after the blessed New-year,
I came trip, trip, trip, over the market hill,
Holding up my Petticoat to the calves of my leggs,
To shew my fine coulered stockings.
And how finely I could foot it in a pair of new cork'd shooes I had bought:
And there I espyed this *Mounsirs Miffe*, lye gaping up into the skies
To know how many Mades would be with Child in the town all the year after.
O'tis a base vexation slave,
How the Country talkes of the large-rib'd varlet.
Mother Mid. Marry out upon him: what a Friday-fac'd slave it is:
I think in my conscience, his face never keeps holiday.
Pegge. Why, his face can never be at quiet,
He has such a cholerick Nose,
I durst ha sworn by my maiden-head,
(God forgive me that I should take such an oath)
That if *William* had had such a nose, I should never ha loved him.

Enter Will Cricket.

Will. VVhat tattling is here of Noses?
Come *Pegge* we are toward marriage, let us talk of that may do us good; Grannam, what will you give us towards housekeeping?

Mother

Mother M. Why *William*, we are talking of *Robin-good-Fellow*; what think you of him?

Will. Marry I say, he looks like a Tankard-bearer,
That dwels in Petticoat lane, at the ſign of the Mearemaid:
and I ſwear by the blood of my Codpiece,
And I were a woman, I would lugge off his love ears,
Or run him to death with a ſpit: and for his face,
I think 'tis pity there is not a Law made,
That it ſhould be fellony to name it in any other places
Than in bawdy-houſes:
But Grannam what will you give us?

Mother M. Marry I will give *Pegge* a Pot and a Pan,
Two Platters, a Diſh and a Spoon, a Dog and a Cat: I trow ſhee'le prove a good *Huſwife*,
And love her husband well too.

Will. If ſhe love me, i'le love her: yfaith my ſweet hony combe, i'le love thee, *A per ſe A.*
We muſt be ask't in Church next Sunday, and weele be married preſently.

Pegge. Yfaith *William* weele have a merry day on't.

Mother Mid. That we will yfaith *Pegge*: weel have a whole noyſe of Fidlers there;
Come *Pegge*, let's hye us home, weele make a Bag-pudding to ſupper,
And *William* ſhall go and ſup with us.

Will. Come on yfaith. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fortunatus and Sophos.

Fort. Why how now *Sophos* all a mort? ſtill languiſhing in love?
Will not the preſence of thy friend prevail?
Nor hope expel theſe ſullen fits?
Cannot mirth wring, if but a forged ſmile
From thoſe ſad drooping looks of thine?
Rely on hope whoſe hap will lead thee right
To her, whom thou doſt call thy hearts delight:
Look cheerly man, the time is neer at hand,
That *Hymen* mounted on a ſnow-white Coach,
Shall tend on *Sophos* and his lovely Bride.

Sophos.

Sophos. Tis impoſſible, her Father, her Father,
He's all for *Peter Ploddall*.
Fortunatus. Shou'd I but ſee that *Ploddal* offer love:
This ſword ſhould pierce the peaſants breaſt,
And chaſe his ſoul from of his accurſed corps,
By an unwonted way, unto the griſly lake.
But now the appointed time is near,
That *Churms* ſhould come, with his ſuppoſed Love:
Then ſit we down under theſe leavy ſhades. *They ſit down.*
And wait the time of *Lelias* wiſht approach.
Sophos. I, here i'le wait for *Lelias* wiſht approach,
More wiſht to me, then is a calme at Seas
To ſhipwracke ſouls, when great God *Neptune* frowns.
Though ſad deſpair hath almoſt drown'd my hopes:
Yet would I paſſe the burning vault of *Orke*,
As erſt did *Hercules* to fetch his Love,
If I might meet my love upon the ſtrond,
And but injoy her love one minuite of an hour. *Enter Robin.*
But ſtay, what man, or devil, or helliſh fiend, comes here,
Transformed in this ugly unquoth ſhape?
Fortu. O. Peace a while, you ſhall ſee good ſport anon.
Robin. Now I am cloathed in this helliſh ſhape;
If I could meet with *Sophos* in theſe woods,
O, he would take me for the Devil himſelf,
I ſhould ha good laughing, beſide the forty ſhillings *Peter Ploddell* has given me: and if I get no more, I am ſure of that.
But ſoft: now I muſt try my cunning, for here he ſits.
The high Commander of the damned ſouls,
Great *Dis*, the Duke of Devils, and Prince of *Limbo* lake,
High Regent of *Acharon*, *Styx*, and *Phlegeton*,
By ſtrict command from *Pluto* Hells great Monarch,
And fair *Proſerpina* the Queen of Hell,
By full conſent of all the damned Hagges,
And all the fiends that keep the *Stygian* plains,
Hath ſent me here from depth of under ground,
To ſummon thee to appear at *Plutoes* Court.
Fortunatus. A man, or devil, or what ſo're thou art,

I'le try if blows will drive thee down to Hell,
Belike thou art the Devils Parrator,
The baſeſt Officer hat lives in Hel,
For ſuch thy words imports thee for to be:
'Tis pity you ſhould come ſo farre without a fee:
And becauſe I know money goes low with *Sophos*,
I'le pay you your fees: *He beats him.*
Take that and that, and that, upon thee.

Robin. O, good ſir, I beſeech you, i'le do any thing.

Fortunatus. Then downe to hel for ſure thou art a Devill.

Robin. O, hold your hand, I am not a Devil by my troth.

Fortunatus. Sounds doſt thou croſſe me? I ſay thou art a Devil. *Beats him again.*

Robin. O Lord ſir, ſave my Life, and i'le ſay as you ſay. Or any thing elſe you'le ha me doe.

Fortu. Then ſtand up, and make a preachment of thy pedigree, and how at the firſt thou learnd'ſt this deviliſh trade: Up I ſay. *Beats him.*

Robin. O I wil ſir. *Stands upon a ſtool.*
Although in ſome places I bear the title of a ſcurvy Gentleman:
By birth, I am a Boat-wrights ſonne of *Hull*,
My father got me of a refus'd Hagge,
Under the old ruines of *Noobies* barn;
Who as ſhe liv'd, at length ſhe likewiſe dy'd,
And for her good deeds went unto the Devil:
But Hel, not wont to harbour ſuch a gueſt,
Her fellow Fiends do daily make complaint,
Unto grim *Pluto* and his Lady Queen,
Of her unruly miſ-behaviour:
Intreating that a Paſport might be drawn
For her to wander til the day of Doom
On earth again, to vex the minds of men,
And ſwore ſhe was the fitteſt Fiend in Hel,
To drive men to deſperation,

To this intent, har Paſport then was drawn,
And in a whirle-wind forth of hel ſhe came;
Ore hils ſhe hurls, and ſcowres along the plaines:
The trees flew up by th'roots, the earth did quake for fear,
The houſes tumble down, ſhe playes the Devil and all;
At length not finding any one ſo fit
To effect her deviliſh charge as *I*,
She comes to me, as to her only child,
And me her inſtrument in earth ſhe made,
And by that meanes, I learn'd her deviliſh trade.
Sophos. O monſtrous villaine!
Fortu. But tel me what's thy courſe of life?
And how thou ſhifteſt for maintenance in the world?
Robin. Faith ſir, I am in a manner a Promoter,
Or more fitly tearm'd a Promoting Knave,
I creep into the preſence of great men,
And under colour of their friendſhips,
Effect ſuch wonders in the world,
That Babes wil curſe me that are yet unborn,
Of the beſt men, I raiſe a common fame,
And honeſt women, rob of their good name,
Thus daily tumbling in comes all my drifs:
That I get beſt, is got but by a ſhift;
But the chief courſe of all my Life,
Is to ſet diſcord betwixt man and wife.
Fortu. Out upon thee Canibal. *He beats him.*
Doſt thou think thou ſhalt ever come to heaven?
Robin. I have little hope for haeven, or heavenly bliſſe:
But if in hel doth any place remain,
Of more eſteem then is another room,
I hope as a guerdon for my juſt deſert,
To have it for my deteſtable acts.
Fortu. Were not thy tongue condemns thy guilty ſoul,
I could not think that on this living earth,
Did breath a villaine more audacious,
Go, get thee gone, and come not in my walk; *Beats him.*
For if thou doſt, thou commeſt unto thy woe,

Rob. The Devil himself was never conjur'd so. *Exit Rob.*

Sophos. Sure he's no man, but an incarnate Devil,
Whose ugly shape betrayes his monstrous mind.

Fortu. And if he be a Devil, *I* am sure he's gone:
But *Churms* the Lawyer will be here anon,
And with him comes my sister *Lelia*:
'Tis she *I* am sure you look for.

Sophos. Nay she it is that I expect so long.

Fortu. Then sit we down until we hear more news,
This but a prologue to our play ensues. *They sit down.*

Enter Churms, and Lelia.

But see where *Churms* and *Lelia* comes along,
He walks as stately as the great Baboon.
Sounds, he looks as though his Mother was a Midwife.

Sophos. Now gentle *Jove*, great Monark of the world,
Grand good successe unto my wondring hopes.

Churms. No *Phœbus* silver-eye is drencht in western deep,
And *Luna* gins to shew her splendent rayes,
And all the harmelesse Quiresters of woods,
Do take repose, save only *Philomell*,
Whose heavy tunes do evermore record
With mornful layes the kisses of her love.
Thus farre fair Love, we passe in secret sort,
Beyond the compasse of thy fathers bounds,
VVhere he on down-soft bed securely sleeps,
And not so much as dream of our depart,
The danger past, now think of nought but love,
Ile be thy dear, be thou my hearts delight.

Sophos. Nay first ile send thy soul to coal-black night.

Churms. Thou promi'st love, now seal it with a kisse.

Fortu Nay, soft sir, your marke's at the fairest,
Forswear her love, and seal it with a kisse,
Vpon the burnisht splendor of this blade,
Or it shall rip the intrails of thy peasant heart.

Sophos. Nay, let me do it, that's my part.

Churms. You wrong me much to rob me of my Love.

Sophos. Avaunt base bragard, *Lelias* mine.

Churms,

Churms. She lately promis'd love to me.

Fortu. Peace, Night-raven, peace, i'le end this controversie.
Come *Lelia* stand between them both,
As equal Judge to end the strife:
Say which of these shal have thee to his wife:
I can devise no better way then this:—
Now chuse thy Love, and greet him with a kisse.

Lelia. My choice is made, and here it it. *She kisses Sophos.*

Sophos. See here the mirrour of true constancy,
Whose stedfast love deserve a Princes worth.

Lelia. Master *Churms* are you not well?
I must confesse I wou'd have chosen you,
But that *I* ne'r beheld your leggs till now:
Trust me, I never looke so low before.

Churms. I know you use to look aloft:

Lelia. Yet not so high as your Crown.

Churms. What if you had?

Lelia. Faith I should have spied a Calves head.

Churms. Sounds, coozend of the wench, and scoft too?
'Tis intolerable, and shal I lose her thus?
How't mads me, that I brought not my sword and buckler with me!

Fortu. What, are you in your sword and buckler termes?
I'le put you out of that humour:
There, *Lelia* sends you that by me, *Beates him.*
And that to recompence your loves desire:
And that, as payment for your well earn'd hire.
Go, get thee gone, and boast of *Lelias* Love.

Churms. Where ere I go, i'le leave with her my curse,
And raile on you with speeches vild.

Fortu. A crafty Knave was never so beguil'd,
Now *Sophos* hopes have had their lucky haps,
And he enjoyes the presence of his Love,
My vows perform'd, and I am full reveng'd
Upon this hel-bred brace of cursed imps:
Now rests nought but my fathers free consent,

To

To knit the knot that time can ne'r untwiſt,
And that, as this, I likewiſe wil perform:
No ſooner ſhal *Auroreas* pearled dew
Ore-ſpred the mantled earth with ſilver drops,
And *Phœbus* bleſſe the Orient with a bluſh,
To chaſe black night to his deformed Cell:
But i'le repair unto my fathers houſe,
And never ceaſe with my inticing words,
To work his wil to knit this Gordian knot:
'Til when, i'le leave you to your amorous chat:
Dear friend, adieu, fair Lucer too farewel,
Betake your ſelves unto ſome ſecret place,
Until you hear from me how things fall out. *Exit Fortu.*

Sophos. We both do wiſh a fortunate good night.
Lelia. And pray the Gods to guide thy ſteps aright.
Sophos. Now come fair *Lelia*, let's betake our ſelves
Unto a little Hermitage here by:
And there to live obſcured from the world,
Til Fates and Fortunes cal us thence away,
To ſee the ſun-ſhine of our Nuptial day.
See how the twinkling ſtarrs do hide their borrowed ſhine,
As half aſham'd their luſtre is ſo ſtain'd
By *Lelias* beauteous eyes, that ſhine more bright
Than twinkling ſtars do in a Winters night:
In ſuch a night did *Paris* win his Love.
Lelia. In ſuch a night *Æneas* prov'd unkind.
Sophos. In ſuch a night, did *Troylus* court his deir.
Lelia. In ſuch a night, fair *Phillis* was betray'd.
Sophos. I'le prove as true as ever *Troylus* was.
Lelia. And I as conſtant as *Penelope*.
Sophos. Than let us ſolace, and in loves delight;
And ſweet imbracings ſpend the live-long night:
And whilſt love mounts her on her wanton wings,
Let Deſcant run on Muſicks ſilver ſtrings. *Exeunt.*

A Song.

WILY BEGVILDE.

A SONG.

1.

OLd Tithon *muſt forſake his dear,*
The Lark do chant her chearful lay:
Aurora *ſmiles with merry cheer,*
To welcome in a happy day.

2.

The Beaſts do skippe,
The ſweet birds ſing:
The Wood Nymphs dance,
The Ecchoes ring.

3.

The hollow Cave with joy reſounds,
And pleaſure every where abounds:
The graces linking hand in hand,
In love have knit a glorious band.

Enter Robin-good-fellow, and Old Ploddall, and his Sonne Peter.

Ploddall. Heare you Maſter *Good-fellow*, how have you ſped?

Peter. Ha you play'd the Devil bravely, and ſcar'd the Scholler out on's wits?

Robin. A pox of the Schollar.

Ploddall. Nay, harke you, I ſent you vorty ſhillings, and you ſhal have the Cheeſe I promis'd you too.

Robin. A plague of the vorty ſhillings and the cheeſe too.

Peter. Hear you, will you give me the powder you told me of?

Robin. How you vex me! powder quoth a? Sounds, I ha been powder'd.

Ploddall. Sonne, I doubt he will prove a crafty knave, and coozen us of our money:

Wel

Wee'le go to Maſter Juſtice and complaine on him, and get him whipt out o'th Country for a Conniecatcher.

Peter. I, or have his eares nayl'd to the Pillory:
Come let's go. *Exeunt Ploddal and his ſonne.*

Enter Churms.

Churms. Fellow *Robin*, what newes, how goes the world?

Robin. Faith, the world goes I cannot tell how:
How ſpeed you with your Wench?

Churms. I would the wench were at the Devil:
A plague upon't, I never ſay my prayers,
And that makes my have ſuch ill luck.

Robin. I think the Schollar beſhanted me with ſome demy Devil.

Churms. Why, didſt thou fray him?

Robin. Fray him? a vengeance on't, all our ſhifting knaverie's known.
We are counted very vagrants,
Sounds, I am affraid of every Officer for whipping.

Churms. We are horribly hanted, our behaviour is ſo beaſtly, that we are grown lothſome; our craft gets us nought but knocks.

Robin. What courſe ſhal we take now?

Churms. Faith, I cannot tel, let's eene run our Country,
For here's no ſtaying for us.

Robin. Faith agreed, let's go into ſome place where we are not known, and there ſet up the art of knavery with the ſecond edition. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gripe ſolus.

Gripe. Every one tels me I look better then I was wont,
My heart's lightned, my ſpirits are revived:
Why, methinks I am young again;
It joyes my heart, that this ſame peeviſh girle my Daughter wil be rul'd at the laſt yet:
But I ſhal ne'r be able to make Maſter *Churms* amends for the great pains he hath taken,

Enter

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Maſter, now out upon's, welladay, we are all undone.

Gripe. Undone! what ſodain accident hath chanced? Speak, what's the matter?

Nurſe. Alas, that ever *I* was born!
My Miſtreſs and M. *Churms* are run away together.

Gripe. Tis not poſſible: ne'r tell me, I dare truſt Maſter *Churms* with a greater matter then that.

Nurſe. Faith you muſt truſt him whether you will or no, For he's gone.

Enter Will Cricket.

Will. M. *Gripe*, I was comming to deſire that I might have your abſence at my wedding, for I hear ſay you are very liberal grown alate.
For *I* ſpake with three or four of your debtors this morning that ought you a hundred pound a piece,
And they told me that you ſent M. *Churms* to them, and took of them ten pounds,
And of ſome twenty, and delivered them their bonds,
And bid them pay the reſt when they were able.

Gripe. I am undone, I am rob'd, my daughter, my mony! Which way are they gone?

Will. Faith ſir, it's all to nothing, but your daughter and M. *Churms* are gone both one way.
Marry, your money flies ſome one way, and ſome another: And therefore 'tis but a folly to make hue and cry after it.

Gripe. Follow them, make hue and cry after them,
My daughter, my money, all's gone, what ſhall I do?

Will. Faith if you will be rul'd by me,
I le tell you what you ſhall do:
(Marke what I ſay) for i'le teach you the way to come to Heaven if you ſtumble not;
Give all you have to the poor, but one ſingle penny,
And with that penny, buy you a good ſtrong halter,
And when you have done ſo, come to me, and *I'le* tell you what you ſhall do with it.

Gripe. Bring me my daughter, that *Churms* that villaine, I'le teare him with my teeth.

Nurse. Maſter, nay do not run mad,
Ile tell you good news:
My young Maſter *Fortunatus* is come home,
And ſee where he comes.

Enter Fortunatus.

Gripe. If thou hadſt ſaid *Lelia*, it had been ſomething.

Fortu. Thus *Fortunatus* greets his father,
And craves his bleſſing on his bended knee.

Gripe. I here's my Sonne, but *Lelia* ſhe'l not come;
Good *Fortunatus* riſe, wilt thou ſhed tears,
And help thy Father mone?
If ſo, ſay I: if not good Sonne be gone.

Fortu. What moves my Father to theſe uncouth fits?

Will. Faith ſir, he's almoſt mad, I think hee cannot tell you:
And therefore I preſuming ſir, that my wits are ſomething better than his at this time, (do you mark ſir?)
Out of the profound circumambulation of my ſupernatural wit, ſir (do you underſtand?)
Will tell you the whole ſuperfluity of the matter, ſir:
Your ſiſter *Lelia* ſir, you know is a woman,
As another woman is, ſir.

Fortu. Well, and what of that?

Will. Nay, nothing ſir, but ſhe fell in love with one *Sophos* a very proper wiſe young man ſir;
Now ſir, your Father would not let her have him, ſir;
But would have married her to one, ſir,
That would have fed her with nothing but Barly Bagpuddings and fat Bacon.
Now ſir, to tell you the truth,
The fool (yee know) has fortune to Land: But Miſtreſſe *Lelias* mouth doth not hang for that kind of dyet.

Fortu. And how then?

Will. Marry then there was a certain cracking, cogging, Pettifogging, Butter-milke ſlave ſir, one *Churms* ſir, that

is

is the very qu'nteſſence of all the Knaves in the bunch, and if the beſt man of all his kin had been but ſo good as a Yeomans ſonne,
He ſhould have been a markt knave by Letters patents,
And he ſir, comes me ſneaking, and coozens them both of their wench, and is run away with her?
And ſir, belike he has coozend your father here of a great deal of his money too.

Nurſe. Sir, your father did truſt him but too much;
But I alwayes thought he would prove a crafty knave.

Gripe. My truſt's betray'd, my joyes ex'l'd,
Grief kils the heart, my hopes beguil'd.

Fortu. VVhere golden gain doth blear a Fathers eye,
That precious pearl fetcht from *Panaſus* mount
Is counted refuſe, worſe then *Bulen* Briſſe:
Both joyes and hopes hang on a ſilly twine,
That ſtill is ſubject unto flitting time,
That turns joy into grief, and hope to ſad diſpair,
And ends his dayes in wretched worldly care,
Were I the richeſt Monarch under heaven,
And had one Daughter thrice as fair
As was the Grecian *Menelaus* wife,
Ere I would match her to an untaught ſwaine,
Though one whoſe wealth exceeded *Cræſus* ſtore,
Her ſelf ſhould chooſe and I applaud her choice,
Of one more poor than ever *Sophos* was,
Were his deſerts but equal unto his.
If I might ſpeak without offence:
You were to blame to hinder *Lelias* choice,
As ſhe in natures graces doth excel,
So doth *Minerva* grace him full as well.

Nurſe. Now, by Cock and Pie, you never ſpake a truer word in your life, he's a very kind Gentleman:
For laſt time he was at our houſe, he gave me three-pence.

Will. O nobly ſpoken; God ſend *Peggie* to prove as wiſe a woman as her mother, and then we ſhall be ſure to have wiſe children.

Nay if he be ſo liberal, old Grandſire, you ſhall give him the good will of your Daughter.

Gripe. She is not mine, I have no Daughter now.
That I ſhould ſay I had, thence comes my grief:
My care of *Lelia*, paſt Fathers love;
My love of *Lelia*, makes my loſſe the more:
My loſſe of *Lelia*, drowns my heart in woe:
My hearts woe, makes this life a living death,
Care, Love, Loſſe, Hearts woe, Living-death,
Joyne all in one, to ſtop this vital breath.
Curſt be the time I gap'd for golden gain,
I curſt that time, I croſt her in her choice:
Her choice was vertuous, but my will was baſe,
I ſought to grace her from the Indian Mines,
But ſhe ſought honour from the ſtarry Mount:
What frantick fit poſſeſt my fooliſh brain?
What furious fancy fired ſo my heart,
To hate fair vertue, and to ſcorn deſert?

Fortunatus. Then Father, give Deſert his due,
Let natures graces and fair Vertues gifts,
Ore ſympathy and happy comfort make,
Twixt *Sophos* and my ſiſter *Lelias* love:
Conjoyne their hands, whoſe hearts have long been one
And ſo conclude a happy union.

Gripe. Now 'tis too late:
What Fates decree, can never be recal'd,
Her luckleſs love is fallen to *Churms* his lot,
And he uſurpes fair *Lelias* nuptial bed.

Fortu. That cannot be, fear of purſuit muſt needs prolong his nuptial rights;
But if you give your full conſent
That *Sophos* may enjoy his long wiſht Love,
And have fair *Lelia* to his lovely Bride;
I'le follow *Churms* what ere betide:
I'le be as ſwift as the light-foot Roe,
And over-take him ere his journeys end,
And bring fair *Lelia* back unto my friend.

Gripe.

Gripe. I here's my hand, I do consent,
And think her happy in her happy choice:
Yet half fore-judge my hopes will be deceiv'd.
But *Fortunatus* I must needs commend
Thy constant mind thou bearst unto thy friend,
The after-Ages wondring at the same,
Shall say, 'Tis a deed deserving lasting fame.

Fortu. Then rest you here till I return again,
Ile go to *Sophos* ere I go along,
And bring him hear to keep you company:
Perhaps he hath some skill in hidden Arts
Of Planets course, or secret Magick spels,
To know where *Lelia* and that Fox lies hid,
Whose craft so cunningly convey'd her hence. *Exit Fortu.*

Gripe. I, here i le rest an hour or twain,
Till *Fortunatus* do return again.

Will. Faith sir, this same *Churms* is a very scurvy Lawyer, for once I put a case to him, and methought his Law was not worth a Pudding.

Gripe. Why, what was your case?

Will. Marry sir, my case was a Gooses case.
For my dog worried my Neighbour Sow, and the Sow dyed.

Nurse. And he sued you upon wilful murder?

Will. No, but he went to law with me, and would make me either pay for his Sow, or hang my Dog:
Now sir, to the same Retourner I went.

Nurse. To begge a pardon for your dog?

Will. No, but to have some of his wit for my money:
I gave him his fee, and promis'd him a Goose beside, for his Counsel.
Now sir, his counsel was to deny all was askt me,
And to crave a longer time to answer,
Though I knew the case was plain:
So sir, I take his counsel: and alwaies when he sends to me for his Goose, I deny it, and crave a longer time to answer.

Nurse.

Nurſe. And ſo the Caſe was yours, and the Gooſe was his: And ſo it came to be a Gooſes caſe.

Will. True, but now we are talking of Geeſe, See where *Pegge* and my Grannam *Midnight* comes.

Enter Mother Midnight and Pegge.

Mother Mid. Come *Pegge*, beſtir your ſtumps, make thy ſelf ſnugge, wench: thou muſt be married to morrow; Let's go ſeek thy ſweet-heart, To prepare all things in readineſs.

Pegge. Why Grannam, look where he is.

Will. Ha my ſweet Traililly, I thought thou couldſt ſpy me amongſt a hundred honeſt men. A man may ſee that love will creep where it cannot go. Ha my ſweet, and too ſweet: ſhall I ſay the tother ſweet?

Pegge. I, ſay it and ſpare not.

Will. Nay, I will not ſay I will ſing it,

Thou art mine own ſweet-heart,
From thee i'le never depart:
Thou art my Cipedilly,
And I thy Tran-didown-dilly,
And ſing Hey ding a ding,
And when tis down, not miſſe,
To give my wench a kiſſe:
And then dance canſt thou not hit it:
Ho brave William Cricket!
How like you this Grannam?

Mother Mid. Marry Gods beniſon light o'th thy good heart for't:
Ha that I were young again!
Yfaith I was and old doer at theſe Long-ſongs, when I was a Girle.

Nurſe. Now by the Mary mattens, *Pegge*, thou haſt got the merriſt wooer in all women-ſhire.

Pegge. Faith I am none of thoſe that love nothing but Tum dum diddle.

If he had not been a merry ſhaver, I would never have had him.

Will. But come my nimble Laſſe, let all theſe matters paſs,
And in a bouncing bravation, lets talk of our copulation:
VVhat good cheer ſhall we have to morrow?
Old Grandſire Thick-skin, you that ſit there as melancholly as a mantletree, what will you give us toward this merry meeting?

Gripe. Marry, becauſe you told me a merry Gooſes caſe, I'le beſtow a fat Gooſe on you, and God give you good luck.

Mother Mid. Marry well ſaid old Maſter: eene God give them joy indeed, for by my vay, they are a good ſweet young couple.

Will. Grannam, ſtand out o'th vay, for here come Gentlefolk will run ore you elſe.

Enter Fortunatus, Sophos and Lelia.

Nurſe. Maſter, here comes your Sonne again.

Gripe. Is *Fortunatus* there?
VVelcome *Fortunatus*, where's *Sophos*?

Fortu. Here *Sophos* is, as much ore-worn with love,
As you with grief for loſs of *Lelia*.

Sophos. And ten times more, if it be poſſible
The love of *Lelia* is to me more dear,
Than is a Kingdome, or the richeſt Crown
That ere adorn'd the temples of a King.

Gripe. Then welcome *Sophos*, thrice more welcome now
Then any man on earth, to me or mine.
It is not now with me as late it was,
I lowr'd at learning and at Vertue ſpurn'd,
But now my heart and mind, and all is turn'd.
VVere *Lelia* here, I ſoon would knit the knot
'Twixt her and thee, that time could ne'r untie,
Till fatal Sifters, Victory had won,
And that your glaſs of life were quite out-run.

Will. Sounds, I think he be ſpurblind; why *Lelia* ſtands hard by him.

Lelia.

Lelia. And *Lelia* here falls proſtrate on her knee,
And craves a pardon for her late offence.

Gripe. What, *Lelia* my Daughter? ſtand up w nch:
Why now my joy is full,
My heart is lightned of all ſad annoy,
Now farewel grief, and welcome home my joy.
Here, *Sophos*, take thy *Lelias* hand:
Great God of Heaven your hearts combine,
In vertues lore to raiſe a happy Line.

Sophos. Now *Phaeton* hath checkt his fiery Steeds,
And quencht theſe burning beams that late were wont
To melt my waxen wings, when as I ſoar'd aloft:
And lovely *Venus* ſmiles with fair aſpect
Upon the ſpring-time of our ſacred love:
Thou great Commander of the circled Orbs,
Grant that this League of laſting amity,
May lie recorded by Eternity.

Lelia. Then wiſht content knit up your Nuptial right,
And future joyes, our former griefs requite.

Will. Nay, and you be good at that, i'le tell you what we'l doe;
Pegge and *I* muſt be married to morrow, and if you will,
We'le all goe to Church together, and ſo ſave Sir *John* a labour.

All. Agreed.

Fortu. Then march along, and let's be gone,
To ſolemnize two marriages in one. *Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.